
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

SEPTEMBER, 1798.

MEMOIRS OF THE BISHOP OF LANDAFF.

BIOGRAPHY is an instructive and entertaining species of composition. It embraces within its ample circle characters of every description. It is, however, the province of this department of our Miscellany, to hold up those individuals alone to notice whose talents and virtues attract the admiration of mankind. To the Naval hero, we have paid all due respect in our former Volume. We now turn to the peaceful Divine—to the tranquil son of science—to the man who has assiduously devoted his powers to the service of his country.

Richard Watson, bishop of Landaff, was born in the year 1735, at the pleasant village of Eversham, about five miles from Kendal, in the county of Westmoreland. We understand that his father was master of the grammar-school in this place, and that his abilities were of a superior kind, though not much known to the world.

By this parent was our prelate educated in his earliest years; and his progress, we presume, was proportioned to the means of improvement which he at that time enjoyed. It were much to be wished, were parents competent to the task, that they always superintended the education of their children. Ability, leisure, and in-

clination meeting together in the parental character, would perform wonders for the rising generation.

After a due portion of classical knowledge had been acquired, the young pupil was sent to Cambridge. The period of his going to college we have not been able to ascertain. But that he went duly prepared we have reason to believe, from the vigilance of the parental tutor, and from the celebrity to which the son afterwards attained. The utility of classical knowledge, previous to an entrance into the University, cannot be easily estimated. The ground-work once well laid, the superstructure rears its head with advantage. To this obvious truth *Addison* bears his testimony. And Dr. *Viceffimus Knox* has, in his useful Treatise on Education, accumulated other authorities on this head which cannot be contested.

After his matriculation at Trinity-college, he applied seriously to his studies. His vigorous mind must have dictated to him the necessity of application. The hill of science is steep, but accessible. Many a weary step must be trodden 'ere its summit be attained. The prospect, however, which it affords, repays the toil. No mind was more amply stored than that of *Milton* with the treasures of knowledge; yet listen to his account of literature, addressing his pupils:—" You shall be conducted to a hill side, steep at first ascent, else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of *Orpheus* was not more charming!"

After a proportionable progress in his studies, Richard Watson was elected fellow of the society to which he had previously belonged, and soon after he attained to the province of a tutor. Merit should always be rewarded, though sometimes it fails of its reward. Patience, however, is requisite. The long expected meed may come, and shew the futility of the witty *Dean Swift*'s aphorism—" Blessed is he who expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed."

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The office of a tutor in an English university is of a respectable and useful nature. To him is assigned the care of youth, and upon him devolves, in a great measure, their advancement in literature. To his auspices their private hours are dedicated, and under his superintendance they not unfrequently make a considerable progress in knowledge, piety, and virtue.

In this situation, Dr. Watson became known to the *Duke of Grafton*, who has always proved a steady friend, and with whom at this period he is intimately acquainted. To his inspection the *Apology for the Bible* was submitted previous to publication. Indeed, they appear to have uniformly entertained for each other sentiments of esteem. A friendship formed and perpetuated on principles so honourable to each other, are to be reckoned among the delights of humanity!

Dr. Watson's connections with the Duke of Grafton must have facilitated his preferment. The influence of the Chancellor of the University operated in his favour. We cannot suppose that such a man with such a patron could have been long left buried in obscurity. As Moderator of his college he acquitted himself with propriety. The particular duty of this office is to preside and regulate the public disputationes of the young students in arts, previous to their receiving the first degree. The learning and skill requisite for this department he appears to have possessed, and both parties expressed their satisfaction. His conduct also in the dispute between Dr. John Jebb, and the University, redounds to his credit. To the reformation of abuses he professed himself a constant friend. The extent of his acquisitions, and the liberality of his mind, could not suffer him to impede the progress of knowledge, which is now hastening to its perfection with an accelerated rapidity. To the benevolent, but ineffectual efforts of Jebb, he lent his support with a laudable generosity.

About the year 1766, Dr. Watson was elected Professor of Chemistry in the University of Cambridge.

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We are informed, that at the time he was chosen to this office his knowledge of chemistry was by no means extensive and profound. This defect, however, was speedily remedied. A great mind is never wanting of expedients. His powers were instantly applied to the study of this science, and his uncommon industry in this department is deserving of high commendation. It oftentimes happens that men of genius are deficient in application. The quick intuitive glances of superior intellect are somewhat incompatible with hard and laborious study. Its restraints are irksome; its imposed tasks too severe to be performed. But the subject of our memoirs disdained this inglorious indolence. His spirit would not permit him to remain contented with scanty attainments. His duty to the public called upon him to furnish himself with a competent knowledge of the science he was appointed to teach. The call was obeyed, and with the fruits of his industry the Public have been presented.

The Essays on Chemistry, (in the whole, *five vols.*) are well known, and are dedicated to the Duke of Rutland, with whose education he had been entrusted. Their subjects are very various, but, in general, interesting and useful. Such an examination of nature must have required profound attention, and the most persevering application. These chemical productions, however, are to be chiefly valued for popular explication. Herein the Professor's talent lies with respect to every subject which he has taken in hand. Around every topic which he explains, he throws a pleasing fascination. Illumination attends his periods. He possesses the happy and highly useful art of rendering the dry engaging, and the abstruse intelligible. His Introduction to Chemistry, prefixed to the first volume of these Essays, abundantly proves this assertion. No additional exhibition of his talent for illustration need be desired.

In the preface to these Essays, an apology is presented by

by the author, which, on account of its modesty and expressiveness, shall be here inserted.

“ Divines, I hope, will forgive me if I have stolen a few hours, not, I trust, from the duties of my office, but certainly from the studies of my profession, and employed them in the cultivation of natural philosophy: I could plead in my defence the example of some of the greatest characters that ever adorned either this University, or the Church of England. The books of nature and revelation equally elevate our conceptions and excite our piety, they mutually illustrate each other, they have an equal claim to our regard, for they are both written by the finger of the ONE ETERNAL INCOMPREHENSIBLE GOD, TO WHOM BE GLORY FOR EVER. AMEN.”

Upon this apologetic paragraph, no observations are necessary. By an intelligent reader its excellence, both as to sentiment and expression, will be instantly discerned.

On the decease of Dr. Rutherford, Regius Professor of Divinity, Dr. Watson was elevated to this station. Here, in his natural element, he shone with peculiar advantage. With his theological merits we doubt not the students were soon acquainted. But to the world he was not much known, till in the year 1776, his reply to Gibbon, entitled, *An Apology for Christianity*, brought him into notice. The dignity of its sentiments, the liberality of its spirit, and the utility of its tendency, procured him considerable applause. The friends of the Christian religion felt their obligations to him. Even its foes were abashed. Gibbon himself was softened, though he never chose to renounce the obnoxious sentiments which he had obtruded upon the public. For his opponent, however, he professed no small esteem, and on this occasion letters passed between them. We shall insert them. They display the characters of two celebrated men, afford an insight into their dispositions, and exhibit a specimen of the good effects resulting from that urbanity with which controversies of every kind ought to be conducted.

MR.

MR. GIBBON TO THE REV. DR. WATSON.

“ *Bentinck-street, Nov. 2, 1776.*

“ Mr. Gibbon takes the earliest opportunity of presenting his compliments and thanks to Dr. Watson, and of expressing his sense of the liberal treatment which he has received from so candid an adversary. Mr. Gibbon entirely coincides in opinion with Dr. Watson, that as their different sentiments on a very important period of history are now submitted to the Public, they both may employ their time in a manner much more useful, as well as agreeable, than they could possibly do by exhibiting a single combat in the amphitheatre of controversy. Mr. Gibbon is, therefore, determined to resist the temptation of justifying in a professed reply any passages of his *History*, which, perhaps, might be easily cleared from censure and misrepresentation; but he still reserves to himself the privilege of inserting, in a future edition, some occasional remarks and explanations of his meaning. If any calls of pleasure or business should bring Dr. Watson to town, Mr. Gibbon would think himself happy in being permitted to solicit the honour of his acquaintance.”

DR. WATSON TO MR. GIBBON.

“ *Cambridge, Nov. 4, 1776.*

“ Dr. Watson accepts with pleasure Mr. Gibbon’s polite invitation to a personal acquaintance. If he comes to town this winter, will certainly do himself the honour to wait upon him. Begs at the same time to assure Mr. Gibbon, that he will be very happy to have an opportunity of shewing him every civility, if curiosity or other motives should bring him to Cambridge. Dr. Watson can have some faint idea of Mr. Gibbon’s difficulty in resisting the temptation he speaks of, from having been of late in a situation somewhat similar himself. It would be very extraordinary if Mr. Gibbon did not feel a parent’s partiality for an offspring which has justly excited the admiration of all who have seen it; and Dr. Watson would be the last person in the world to wish him to suppress any explanation which might tend to exalt its merits.”

DR. WATSON TO MR. GIBBON.

" SIR,

"Cambridge, Jan. 14, 1779.

" It will give me the greatest pleasure to have an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with Mr. Gibbon. I beg he would accept my sincere thanks for the too favourable manner in which he has spoken of a performance which derives its chief merit from the elegance and importance of the work it attemps to oppose. I have no hope of a future existence except that which is grounded on the truth of Christianity. I wish not to be deprived of this hope ; but I should be an apostate from the mild principle of the religion I profess, if I could be actuated with the least animosity against those who do not think with me upon this, of all others, the most important subject. I beg your pardon for this declaration of my belief ; but my temper is naturally open, and it ought assuredly to be without disguise to a man whom I wish no longer to look upon as an antagonist, but as a friend. I have the honour to be, with every sentiment of respect,

“ Your obliged servant,

"R. WATSON,"

This latter letter of Dr. Watson, alludes to a polite notice which Mr. Gibbon takes of his opponent's answer in a general reply to all his combatants. There it is that the Roman historian declares, that "Dr. Watson's mode of thinking bears a liberal and philosophic cast, his thoughts are expressed with spirit, and that spirit is always tempered by politeness and moderation."

In the year 1782, he was raised to the bench of bishops. He succeeded Dr. Barrington in the See of Landaff, a bishopric not celebrated either for its extent or its riches. This promotion, however, together with his professorship, his archdeaconry of Ely, and other livings, must have ensured to him an handsome income. It is also understood that a large fortune was left him by a grateful pupil. Should this have been the case, this eminent prelate will not (as Bishop Warburton said of Dr. Doddridge) "have to look for his reward *solely* in another life."

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Soon after his elevation to the See of Landaff, he addressed a letter to Dr. Cornwallis, archbishop of Canterbury, in which he contended for a more equal distribution of the revenues of the church among its clergy. This proposal was at once manly and benevolent. Opposed, however, by the interested and the timid, nothing was effected. The friends of the plan are obliged to wait for a more auspicious period, when their reasonable expectations will, we trust, be gratified.

Presiding over the Welsh clergy, who are not oppressed with golden incomes, the good prelate furnished them with an excellent and cheap collection of theological tracts, serving them for a small library. This work was well received, and is still held in very general estimation. Its preface is a master-piece of eloquence, inculcating a spirit of candour and liberality. By every denomination should this divine spirit be cultivated. It is the characteristic and badge of the Christian religion.

It is a little remarkable, that the tracts which constitute this Collection are, for the most part, the productions of dissenters. This circumstance is thus agreeably noticed by the Bishop himself, in terms honourable to his own sentiments, and to those writers whose works he had adopted.—“The books and tracts which I have here printed are all of them so well known, that there is little need to give a long account of any of them. I have chosen them out of a great variety which suggested themselves to my mind; but I have no expectation that every one should be pleased with the choice which I have made. I once knew a divine of the Church of *England*, of great eminence in it, and deservedly esteemed a good scholar, who having accidentally taken up in a friend’s apartment a book written by a dissenter, hastily laid it down again, declaring, “that he never read dissenting divinity.” I ought to apologise to men of this gentleman’s opinion, for having made so much use of the works of the dissenters in this Collection; but the truth is, I did not at all consider the quarter from whence

whence the matter was taken, but whether it was good and suited to my purpose ; it was a circumstance of utter indifference to me, whether it was of *Paul*, or *Apollos*, or *Cephas*, provided it was of *Christ*."

His next publication was a Charge to his Clergy, in the year 1791, where he speaks favourably of the Revolution in France, and enumerates many advantages which might result from that wonderful event. But the worthy prelate, together with other friends of rational liberty, have been disappointed in their expectations. The fair dawn with which that business opened was afterwards clouded by excesses disgraceful to humanity !

Another Charge, accompanied with two Sermons, preached in the Cathedral church of Landaff, has been since published. The former contains excellent advice relative to the discharge of the duties belonging to the pastoral office ; the latter are calculated to counteract the present alarming progress of atheism and infidelity.

This brings us to his *Apology for the Bible*, which was a reply to Mr. Thomas Paine's scurrilous attack on Revelation. This production is universally esteemed. All sects and parties in the religious world united in receiving this present with gratitude. *Fifty thousand* copies were sold. Indeed we are at a loss what most to admire in this incomparable piece. Its sentiments are just, its spirit gentle and engaging, its language easy and elegant, and its entire tendency is to establish the faith and charity of Christians on permanent foundations !

Mr. Paine speaking disrespectfully of the Bible, the Bishop thus eloquently replies :—

" You close your observations in the following manner :—
" Should the Bible (meaning as I before remarked, the Old Testament) and Testament hereafter fall, it is not I that have been the occasion." You look, I think, upon your production with a parent's partial eye, when you speak of it in such a style of self complacency. The Bible, sir, has withstood the learn-

ing of Porphyry, and the power of Julian; to say nothing of the Manichean Faustus; it has resisted the genius of Bolingbroke, and the wit of Voltaire, to say nothing of a numerous herd of inferior assailants, and it will not fall by your force. You barbed anew the blunted arrows of former adversaries, you have feathered them with blasphemy and ridicule—dipped them in your deadliest poison—aimed them with your utmost skill—shot them against the shield of faith with your utmost vigour; but, like the feeble javelin of aged Priam, they will scarcely reach the mark—will fall to the ground without a stroke."

Towards the close of the *Apology*, these sensible remarks occur on the present progreſs of Infidelity :

" Some men have been warped to Infidelity by viciousness of life, and some may have hypocritically professed Christianity from prospects of temporal advantage; but being a stranger to your character, I neither impute the former to you, nor can admit the latter as operating on myself. The generality of unbelievers are such from want of information on the subject of religion, having been engaged from their youth in struggling for worldly distinction, or perplexed with the incessant intricacies of business, or bewildered in the pursuits of pleasure, they have neither ability, inclination, nor leisure to enter into critical disquisitions concerning the truth of Christianity. Men of this description are soon startled by objections which they are not competent to answer, and the loose morality of the age (so opposite to Christian perfection) co-operating with their want of scriptural knowledge, they presently get rid of their nursery faith, and are seldom sedulous in the acquisition of another, founded not on authority, but sober investigation. Presuming, however, that many deists are as sincere in their belief as I am in mine, and knowing that some are more able, and all as much interested as myself to make a rational enquiry into the truth of revealed religion, I feel no propensity to judge uncharitably of any of them. They do not think as I do on a subject surpassing all others in importance; but they are not on that account to be spoken of by me with asperity of language, to be thought of by me as persons alienated from the mercies of God. The gospel has been offered to their acceptance, and from whatever cause they reject it, I cannot

cannot but esteem their situation dangerous. Under the influence of that persuasion I have been induced to write this book. I do not expect to derive from it either fame or profit; these are not improper incentives to honourable activity; but there is a time of life when they cease to direct the judgment of thinking men. What I have written will not, I fear, make any impression on you; but I indulge an hope that it may not be without its effect on some of your Readers.

“ Infidelity is a rank weed, it threatens to overspread the land; its root is principally fixed amongst the great and opulent, but you are endeavouring to extend the malignity of its poison through all the classes of the community. There is a class of men for whom I have the greatest respect, and whom I am anxious to preserve from the contamination of your irreligion, *the merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen of the kingdom.* I consider the influence of the example of this class as essential to the welfare of the community. I know that they are in general given to reading, and desirous of information on all subjects. If this little book should chance to fall into their hands after they have read yours, and they should think that any of your objections to the authority of the Bible have not been fully answered, I entreat them to attribute the omission to the brevity which I have studied; to my desire of avoiding learned disquisitions; to my inadvertency; to my inability; to any thing rather than to an impossibility of completely obviating every difficulty you have brought forward. I address the same request to such of the youth of both sexes as may unhappily have imbibed from your writings the poison of Infidelity; beseeching them to believe, that all their religious doubts may be removed, though it may not have been in my power to answer to their satisfaction all your objections. I pray God that the **RISING GENERATION** of this land may be preserved from that *evil heart* of unbelief which has brought ruin on a neighbouring nation; that neither a neglected education, nor domestic irreligion, nor evil communication, nor the fashion of a licentious world, may ever induce them to forget that **RELIGION** alone ought to be their **RULE OF LIFE.”**

We sincerely hope that this pathetic expostulation on a most interesting subject, may have produced the desired effect.

How necessary this reply was to Mr. Paine's work we all know. Other unbelievers had attacked the Christian religion with equal severity, but their attacks had in them a mixture of learning, which rendered them intelligible only to the higher classes of mankind. For Mr. Paine it was reserved to disseminate the wretched tenets of infidelity among the lower ranks of the community. To him alone has it belonged to deprive the mass of mankind of their best hopes and most elevated expectations. He it is that loosens their strongest obligations to morality and virtue. By his lessons are they taught to disregard what is most valuable and praiseworthy in the constitution of human nature. Was it not therefore highly important that a genius should arise to check the pernicious career of Infidelity? Such was the Bishop of Landaff. He came forward, buckled on his armour, and, in conjunction with a band of inferior assailants, drove the enemy from the field. Mr. Paine's misrepresentations were detected, his objections obviated, his levity and scurrility reprehended, and several abstruse portions of the Bible were elucidated with singular felicity. The whole also was accomplished in a manner suited to the character of the scholar, the gentleman, and the divine.

It only remains that we mention the Bishop's most recent publication, entitled, *An Address to the People of Great Britain*. It is written with that ease and simplicity which characterise all his writings. The object of this popular pamphlet was to rouse the nation against the evils which must have resulted from the invasion threatened by an indignant foe. The defence of our country in circumstances of real danger, is a species of patriotism highly to be applauded.

Such (together with a few single sermons preached on public occasions) are the productions of the Bishop of Landaff. We cannot quit them without noticing the *liberal spirit* which this respectable prelate uniformly inculcates. This trait deserves warm commendation. In matters of religion, *Et sentire quæ velit, et quæ*

que sentiat dicere, is a maxim of high utility. Men in every age of the Christian church have been too prone to restrict the mercies of God to their own sect. The uncharitable man draws around himself and his party, his own contracted circle, and those beyond its circumference are doomed to eternal destruction. Hence, armed with power, Bigotry, like a fury, has spent its rage in scattering the horrors of persecution. To gratify its infernal appetite, prisons have been filled, fines levied, and innocent victims devoted to death. Whereas the unadulterated spirit of Christianity breathes harmony and peace ! Its claims are modest, its spirit gentle, its energies mild and conciliating. The operation of such a system is in favour of the purest benevolence. It delights in banishing misery, for its province is the diffusion of happiness among mankind. Were this *liberal temper* assiduously cherished, animosities on account of religion would cease, the bands of brotherly affection would be drawn more closely together, and earth would resemble heaven, in the prevalence of that universal love which constitutes the most engaging attribute of Deity !

The person of this prelate is manly, of a moderate height, inclining to corpulency ; his manners affable, and his general deportment accords with the dignity of his station.

The writer of this narrative had once the honour of conversing with his lordship, and was gratified by the interview. Having no views of interest to indulge, this panegyric cannot be ascribed to mercenary motives. Indeed upon several subjects their opinions do not coincide. But it is his pride, it is his ambition to admire what is worthy of admiration in every individual, of every sect and denomination under heaven. No articles of faith, no variations of practice, shall induce him to withhold the deserved tribute of commendation.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XIX.]

ON HOMER's ILIAD.

“ Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.

MILTON.

THE ILIAD of HOMER is the most ancient epic poem in the world. He flourished about *nine hundred years* before the birth of Christ. His immortal work is distributed into twenty-four books. Its subject is the War of Troy, and most of his descriptions are stamped with all the characteristic marks of beauty and sublimity.

On such a topic, therefore, a few *reflections* may not be unacceptable. The curiosity is strongly excited respecting works of genius, especially those of ancient times. Such productions should not be confined to the learned alone. With their contents, the scholar indeed is intimately acquainted. But it is our wish to lay open to the sight of ALL this venerable temple of antiquity !

The subject of this noble poem first claims our attention. A sketch of its constituent parts will enable us the more fully to estimate the whole production. It shall be presented the reader in a few words.

Agamemnon, who was appointed general in chief of the allied army of the Grecians during the siege of Troy, was possessed of a fair captive, *Chryseis* by name, and daughter of one of *Apollo*'s priests; who came to the Grecian camp a suppliant on his daughter's behalf, and offered an handsome ransom to Agamemnon for her release; but being unsuccessful, and even contumeliously repulsed by him, *Apollo*, at the entreaty of the offended priest, and in revenge of the insult done him by Agamemnon, afflicts and lays waste the whole Grecian army by

by a plague. The Greeks, summoned by Achilles, meet in council, and *Calchas*, the seer, encouraged and seconded by him, declares that the plague was sent by Apollo as a punishment of Agamemnon's injurious treatment of his priest, in not accepting the ransom and releasing his captive daughter; and that therefore in order to appease the God and save the army, *Chryseis* must be restored. The occasion being so very urgent, *Agamemnon*, though highly incensed, resolves to return his fair and favourite captive to her father; but after first quarreling most grievously with *Achilles* who summoned the council and encouraged the proceedings; the next step he takes is to force away from him in return his most favourite captive, *Briseis*. *Achilles*, highly affronted at so injurious a treatment, withdraws himself from the army, and obtains of *Jupiter* a promise, by the intercession of his mother, the goddess *Thetis*, to revenge him, by making the Trojans too powerful for the Greeks, and even suffering them to destroy them at the very fleet. In consequence of the will of *Jupiter*, the Trojans, under the conduct of *Hector*, drive the Grecians from the plains with so great a defeat, that *Agamemnon*, by the advice of the generals in council, sends ambassadors to *Achilles*, to try if they could persuade him, by intreaties and gifts, to return to the camp; but all in vain: he haughtily rejects their prayers and promises, and dismisses them roughly; but afterwards his most favourite friend, *Patroclus*, at the instigation of *Nestor*, by earnest and importunate entreaties, obtains leave of him to assist his countrymen and go against the Trojans, and that even in his own armour. The aid of *Patroclus* is at first of very great service to the Greeks, and repels the Trojans; but he venturing too far into the plain, is afterwards killed by *Hector*, who strips him of *Achilles*'s armour and wears it himself. The melancholy news of his friend *Patroclus*'s death, and loss of his own armour, reaching the ears of *Achilles*, so provokes him, that in order to revenge these high injuries,

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he renounces his anger, and what neither entreaties nor promises could ever effect, returns to the army, and is even reconciled to *Agamemnon*. After cloathing himself in his new armour, which his mother *Thetis* brought him from *Vulcan*, he turns at length his spleen against *Hector* and his Trojans; and after several encounters he pursues him thrice round Troy's walls, and at last comes up with him and kills him. He then drags him at his chariot wheels in the sight of the Trojans, and for twelve days together about the tomb of *Patrocles*. Having now fully satiated his anger, he celebrated funeral games in honour of his dead friend. In the conclusion of the poem, *Priam* himself, under the conduct of *Mercury*, comes by night to his tent to beg the body of his son *Hector*, which is restored to him for a large ransom, carried back to Troy, and honourably interred. Such is the plot or ground-work of this celebrated poem. The genius of *Homer* has converted these incidents into a most interesting production.

To enumerate the distinct excellencies of this poem will not be expected. Each book has its peculiar beauties. A few of its prominent features shall be brought forward. The invention of the poet, his characters, and the tendency of the work, shall pass beneath our review.

Under the *invention* of the poet we rank his choice of the subject, and the machinery by which it is decorated. In the present poem the former is well chosen, the latter interesting and sublime. What better subject could have been chosen for epic poetry than the War of Troy? The confederacy of the Grecian States under one leader for a series of ten years against this celebrated city, filled the ancient world with astonishment! This then is the subject on which the genius of Homer seized for the display of his poetic powers. His machinery is replete with intellectual grandeur. It was near to the age of gods and demi-gods! The interference of the heavenly powers, confers upon the poem a dignified solemnity.

jemnity. The manner of their interposition irresistibly interests the attention. We are overwhelmed by the magnificence of the scene. "When we look upon his machinery," says the ingenious Mr. Pope, "Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings and firing the heavens."

Characters which are closely connected with the invention of the poet are involved under the article of simplicity. His are the characters of nature. The ordinary appearances of the human race were by Homer faithfully pourtrayed. In this sense he may be justly stiled a dramatic writer. Dialogue abounds from the beginning to the end of the poem. Hence, indeed, has he been accused in some instances of tediousness. But his minuteness is amply recompensed by the faithful portraiture which he delineates. In this respect Homer resembles scripture, next to which he is the most ancient author in the world.

Out of the various exhibitions of character in the Iliad, it would be difficult to make a selection. The character of *Helen* is well sketched, particularly in the third book, where the old generals behold her with admiration. The affection of *Andromache* is feelingly depicted. Her parting with *Hector* is a most affecting scene. He is about to enter the field of battle where he falls. She anticipates the sad event. The fright of the child which she held in her arms, and the whole affair is stamped with the divinity of genius :

..... " The illustrious chief of Troy,
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy ;
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest :
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child.
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground ;
Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's prayer :—

O thou !

O thou! whose glory fills the ethereal throne,
 And all ye deathless powers—protect my son!
 Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
 To guard the Trojans—to defend the crown;
 Against his country's foe the war to wage,
 And rise the Hector of the future age!
 So when, triumphant, from successful toils,
 Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
 Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
 And say—This chief transcends his father's fame;
 While pleas'd amidst the general shouts of Troy,
 His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
 Restored the pleasing burden to her arms;
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
 Hush'd to repose and with a smile survey'd;
 The troubled pleasure soon chaftis'd by fear,
 She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
 The glorious chief of Troy resumes
 His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes;
 His prince's parts with a prophetic figh,
 Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye
 That stream'd at every look—then moving flow,
 Sought her own palace, and indulged her woe."

POPE'S TRANSLATION.

Having thus noticed the characters of Homer, the language in which their sentiments were conveyed is deserving attention. It is peculiarly simple and expressive. Of this the Greek scholar is soon apprised. It is destitute of those violent inversions with which more modern writers abound. Every word seemed to have dropt from the mouth of the speaker, and even appears to have been the very identical words uttered on the occasion. The language is not hampered by the perplexity of art—it is what the heart itself has dictated.

With respect to the tendency of the poem, it is highly practical. The pernicious effects of anger are strikingly pointed out. Its evils are delineated by the hand of a master.

master. We cannot but deplore the quarrel of *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*, when we contemplate the devastations it occasioned. The very first lines are expressive of its great moral, and on this part of the subject nothing more need be added :—

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess sing !
That wrath which hurl'd to *Pluto's* gloomy reign,
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain ;
Whose limbs unbury'd on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore ;
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove !

That this epic production is nevertheless not without its defects, must be acknowledged. The chief objection arises from the nakedness of the manners which Homer hath described. But this circumstance is resolvable into the state of those early times. Unaccustomed to that politeness to which we have habituated ourselves, things are related in the simple style in which they occurred. The *Iliad* of Homer is a *mirror*, and has therefore reflected the simple undisguised manners of the times with truth and impartiality. On this divine poem we could have enlarged with great pleasure. The unlearned reader is referred to *Pope's* translation, which possesses very considerable merit. The scholar will naturally have recourse to the fountain head, where he will taste the classic stream in all its richness and purity.

To the celebrity of Homer numerous have been the testimonies. That of *Rapin*, in his comparison of Homer and Virgil, is peculiarly descriptive.—“Homer has in the fable of his poem a most large and noble foundation to build upon : his characters are greatly extended ; he has more grandeur and more of the sublime than others ; he paints things better ; his images are more finished and perfect pieces ; his reflections have more morality in them, and are more sententious ; his fancy is richer and more pregnant ; his wit more universal ;

versal ; he is master in all professions, poet, orator, philosopher, geographer, artisan, as he pleases ; he entertains us with more variety in the management of his fable ; he has more of that impetuosity that raises and elevates the fancy ; his expressions have more life, more strength and energy in them ; he is of a more happy genius, and has more of the temper and complexion of the poet than others ; his verses are more pompous and stately ; they more delight the ear of those that understand the beauty of poetry with their number and cadence ; finally, he is more natural, his greatest art being to seem *without art*, painting every thing after *nature*."

Besides the *Iliad*, Homer produced another poem, entitled the *Odysssey*, which describes the wanderings of the Grecian *Ulysses* in his return from the war of Troy. It contains a most pleasing delineation of domestic manners. But on this subject we must not enlarge. To conclude in the words of Hawkesworth :—" HOMER in the *Iliad* resembles the river Nile, when it descends in a cataract that deafens and astonishes the neighbouring inhabitants. In the *Odysssey*, he is still like the same Nile, when its genial inundations gently diffuse fertility and fatness over the peaceful plains of Egypt."

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XXI.]

CURIOSUS CRITICISM.

" **W**ITH a good army and full coffers, where is the treaty you cannot explain to *your* advantage, when *you* have to do with an inferior power."—" *You.*" " *Your.*" The absurdity of thus addressing the reader is sufficiently obvious. It is, moreover, much too ordinary and familiar a language. It reminds us of that of Mrs. Glasse, of culinary memory—" When *you* have

have made *your* water boil, then put *your* pudding in *your* pot."—*Monthly Review.*

ORIGIN OF CHESS.

IT is generally agreed that this ingenious diversion had its origin in Asia. Mr. Barrington, however, who wrote an historical discussion of the subject, inclines to attribute it to China, rather than to Persia, whether the Greeks and Romans were acquainted with it is doubtful. It has been attributed to Palamedes, who lived during the Trojan war; but the line from Sophocles, on which this opinion is founded, teaches nothing more than that he invented some game which was played with pebbles or cubes. Palamedes was so renowned for his sagacity, that almost every early discovery was inscribed to him, in so much, that he has been celebrated for that most notable of all inventions, viz. *The eating three meals a day.* The game in question appears to have been imported from Constantinople, during the time of the crusades, first to Italy and Spain, and then to England and other countries.

CHESS-MATCH.

A CHESS-MATCH took place, 1087, between Henry the First, before he was king, and Lewis le Gras, son to Philip of France. Lewis having lost several games, and much money, was so irritated that he threw the chess-men at Henry's head, in return for which Henry struck the French prince with the board, laid him bleeding on the floor, and would have killed him, had it not been for timely interposition.

DR. BURNEY.

IN one of my visits (says this Gentleman) to Dr. Pepusch, very early in life, this venerable master of music gave me a short lesson, which made so deep an impression on me that I long endeavoured to practise it. "When I was young" said he, "I determined never to

go to bed at night till I knew something that I did *not* know in the morning."

GIARDINI.

HE went, says Dr. Burney, to Rome in early life, and afterwards to Naples, where having obtained a place among *Ripienos*, in the Opera orchestra, he used to flourish and change passages much more than he ought to have done. "However," says Giardini, of whom I had this account, "I acquired great reputation among the ignorant for my impertinence; yet one night during the opera, Jomelli, who composed it, came into the orchestra, and seating himself close by me, I determined to give him a touch of my taste and execution, and in the symphony of the next song, which was in a pathetic style, I gave loose to my fingers and fancy, for which I was rewarded by the composer with a violent slap in the face, which," adds Giardini, "was the best lesson I ever received from a great master in my life." Jomelli after this was, however, very kind in a different way to this young and wonderful musician.

BUDGET,

A NASTY *tinkery* word, which we wish to banish from the polite and political circles.—*Monthly Reviewers.*

SEAL OF ERASMUS.

ERASMUS had for his seal the god *Terminus*, with the inscription—*Concedo nulli*. Hence he was accused by some of his stupid and malicious enemies of insufferable vanity, of representing himself as superior to all mankind. The seal was not of his own contrivance; but an ancient seal given him by his pupil, the Archbishop of St. Andrews. Erasmus added the legend, and thought it a good symbolical representation of death, which every wise man ought to have before his eyes, and for which he should hold himself prepared.

HIS BURIAL.

ALL the learned men of Basil (says Moreri) carried Erasmus upon their shoulders to the cathedral church, where he was buried. If so, his coffin must, at least, have been as big as the bed of Og, the king of Bashan, mentioned in Deuteronomy.

HIS STYLE.

THE style of Erasmus is that of a man who had a strong memory, a natural eloquence, a lively fancy, and a ready invention, who composed with great facility and rapidity, and who did not care for the trouble of revising and correcting ; who had spent all his days in reading and writing, and talking of Latin, for he seems to have had no turn for modern languages, and perhaps he had almost forgotten his mother-tongue. His style, therefore, is always unaffected, easy, copious, fluent, and clear ; but not always perfectly pure, and strictly classical.

ON THE STATUE OF ERASMUS.

A STATUE of this great man was erected at Rotterdam, his native city—first, of stone, which was destroyed by some envious and malicious persons ; one made of brass therefore was set up, on which were written the following lines by the famous Dutch poet Joost Vander Vondel :—

Whatever Greece and Rome conceal'd,
Erasmus to the Christian world reveal'd ;
Thus to himself he gain'd immortal fame,
And grac'd his native city with his name.
Proud of the glory by his merit won,
The grateful city to her godlike son
A statue rais'd aloft of solid stone,
Whilst envy strove to hurl him from the throne.
Fruitless attempt ! no storms of envious breath
The hero move, triumphant even in death.

Immortal garlands do his temples grace,
And time adds beauty to his reverend face.

Tho' once but stone, in burnish'd brass his features shine,
If envy storms at this, gold shall our saint enshrine.

FARINELLI, OR THE MUSICAL TAYLOR.

THIS singer having ordered a superb suit of cloaths, for a *gala* at court, when the taylor brought it home, he asked him for his bill. "I have made no bill, sir," said the taylor, "nor ever shall make one. Instead of money," continues he, "I have a favour to beg. I know that what I want is inestimable, and only fit for monarchs; but since I have had the honour to work for a person of whom every one speaks with rapture, all the payment I shall ever require, will be a song." Farinelli tried in vain to make the taylor take his money. At length, after a long debate, giving way to the humble entreaties of the trembling tradesman, and flattered perhaps more by the singularity of the adventure than by all the applause he had hitherto received, he took him into his music-room, and sung to him some of his most brilliant airs, taking pleasure in the astonishment of his ravished hearer, and the more he seemed surprised and affected, the more Farinelli exerted himself in every species of excellence. When he had done, the taylor, overcome with extacy, thanked him in the most rapturous and grateful manner, and prepared to retire. "No," says Farinelli, "I am a little proud, and it is, perhaps, from that circumstance that I have acquired some small degree of superiority over other singers; I have given way to *your* weakness; it is but fair that in *your* turn *you* should indulge me in *mine*." And taking out his purse, he insisted on his receiving a sum amounting to nearly double the worth of the suit of cloaths.

DR. ARNE.

IN 1738, says Dr. Burney, Arne established his reputation as a lyric composer, by the admirable manner in which he set Milton's *Comus*. In this Masque he introduced a light, airy, original, and pleasing melody, wholly different from that of Purcell or Handel, whom all English composers had hitherto either pillaged or imitated. Indeed the melody of Arne at this time, and of his Vauxhall songs afterwards, forms an æra in English music ; it was so easy, natural, and agreeable to the whole kingdom, that it had an effect on our national taste ; and till a more modern style was introduced in the pasticcio English operas of Messrs. Bickerstaff and Cumberland, it was the standard of all perfection at our theatres and public gardens.

CURIOUS WINE CELLAR.

THE monastery of Arcadi, in the island of Candia, surpasses every other part of the island, though fertile in religious houses, both in the numbers of monks, and the endowments of the convent. It is supposed to be built on the spot where the ancient Arcadia once stood. The monastery itself contains nearly an hundred inhabitants, while about two hundred more are dispersed over the lands belonging to the monastery, and are employed in agriculture. The cellar is by far the finest part of the building. It contains two hundred casks of wine, of which the *choice* is marked with the name of the superior, and no one may touch it without his permission. This cellar receives a solemn and annual benediction immediately after the vintage. The prayer recited by the superior on this occasion is printed in the Greek ritual. It is as follows : " Lord God ! who lovest mankind, look on this wine, and on those that shall drink it ; bleſs these vessels as thou haſt bleſſed the wells of Jacob, the fish-pool of Siloa, and the beverage of thy holy apostles. Lord, who didſt condescend to be pre-

sent at the marriage of Cana, where thou didst manifest thy glory to thy disciples by changing water into wine, send thy holy spirit on this wine, and bless it in thy name."

DEBTORS.

IN Holland, says Mr. Howard, burghers of established characters, to whom the name of *peace-makers* is given, are chosen to determine any claims where the sum does not exceed *two hundred guilders* (about 18l.) At several doors in Haerlam, I observed a small board put up, with lace upon it, to shew that the mistress of the house was lying-in ; and I was informed that a disturbance near a house thus guarded, would be severely punished, and that the husband could not at that time be arrested for debt.

MENDICANT MONK.

PIRKHEIMER, a German, informed Erasmus of a comical dispute which he had with a mendicant monk. This good man being in company where Erasmus was highly commended, shewed his dissatisfaction by his countenance and gestures ; and being hard pushed to declare what he had to censure in Erasmus, he said, that this man, whom they affected to extol so much, was a notorious eater of fowls, and that he knew it to be true, not from the testimony of others, but of his own eyes. "Did Erasmus buy them, or steal them ?" said Pirckheimer. "He bought them," said the monk. "Why then," quoth Pirckheimer, "there is a certain fox, who is a much greater knave ; for he comes into my yard frequently and takes away a fowl without paying me. But is it then a sin to eat fowls ?" "Most certainly," answered the monk : "It is the sin of gluttony ; and it becomes the more heinous when it is committed and frequently repeated by churchmen." "Perhaps," said Pirckheimer, "he eats them on fast-days." "No," said the monk ; "but we ecclesiastics ought to abstain

abstain upon all days from such delicacies." "Ah! my good father," said Pirckheimer, "it is not by eating dry bread that you have got that huge paunch of yours; and if all the fowls which have gone into it could lift up their voices at once, and cackle in concert, they would make noise enough to drown the drums and trumpets of an army!"

LINNÆUS,

The famous bonatist, when a medical practitioner, was called to the lady of an Aulic counsellor, troubled with a cough. Linnæus prescribed a remedy which she could carry by her for constant use. This lady was one day at court, on a card party with Queen Ulrica Eleonora. While playing, she put something into her mouth. "What is this?" asked the queen.—"A remedy against the cough, may it please your majesty, I always find myself much relieved after using it." The queen had a cough at that very time. Linnæus was called, he prescribed the same remedy, and the queen's ailment disappeared. Thus did the *cough* first introduce him to court, and there advance his prosperity.

CHARLES V.

A SYMBOLICAL representation was exhibited before Charles V. and his brother Ferdinand, at Augsburg, in 1530, at the time when the Lutherans presented their confession of faith to that assembly.

As the princes were at table, a company of persons offered to act a small comedy for the entertainment of the company. They were ordered to begin; and first entered a man in the dress of a doctor, who brought a large quantity of small wood of straight and crooked billets, and laid it on the middle of the hearth and retired. On his back was written *Reuchlin*. When this actor went off, another entered, apparellled also like a doctor, who attempted to make faggots of the wood, and to fit the crooked to the straight, but having laboured

boured long to no purpose, he went away out of humour, and shaking his head. On his back appeared the name of *Erasmus*. A third, dressed like an Augustinian monk, came in with a chaffing-dish full of fire, gathered up the crooked wood, clapped it upon the fire, and blew it till he made it burn, and went away ; having upon his frock the name of *Luther*. A fourth entered, dressed like an emperor, who seeing the crooked wood all on fire, seemed much concerned, and to put it out drew his sword and poked the fire with it, which only made it burn the brisker. On his back was written *Charles V.* Lastly, a fifth entered in his pontifical habit, and triple crown, who seemed extremely surprised to see the crooked billets all on fire, and by his countenance and attitude betrayed excessive grief. Then looking about on every side to see if he could find any water to extinguish the flame, he casts his eyes on two bottles in a corner of the room, one of which was full of oil, and the other of water, and in his hurry he unfortunately seized on the oil, and poured it upon the fire, which made it blaze so violently that he was forced to walk off. On his back was written *Leo X.* The reader, who is acquainted with the history of the reformation, will perceive the propriety of the representation here given of those several characters, who were the principal actors in bringing about that memorable event.

LITERATURE.

IN *Erasmus* we behold a man who, in the days of his youth, lying under no small disadvantages of birth and education, depressed by poverty, friendless, and unsupported, or very slenderly supported, made his way through all these obstacles, and by the help of bright parts, and constant application, became one of the most considerable scholars of the age ; and acquired the favour and protection of princes, nobles, and prelates of the greatest name in church and state. Every man of letters

letters must not indulge the vain hope, though he should be as learned, as ingenious, and as industrious as Erasmus, to be as much encouraged and favoured as he was. But this is not a sufficient cause to deter any person from a studious life. LEARNING is, in many respects, its own reward—learning, applied to useful purposes, and adorned with good manners. Without these, though it may be of some service to the public, it will be of small comfort to the possessor.

A SERMON ON PAINTING,

BY THE LATE LORD ORFORD.

PREACHED BEFORE THE EARL OF ORFORD, AT
HOUGHTON, 1742.

PSALM CXV.—VERSE 5.

They have mouths, but they speak not : eyes have they, but they see not : neither is there any breath in their nostrils.

THESE words, with which the royal prophet lashes the insensibility of the gods of Paganism, are so descriptive of modern idolatry, that, though so frequently applied, they still retain all the force of their first severity. I do not design to run into the parallel of ancient and modern superstition, but shall only observe with concern, that the same arguments which at last exploded and defeated the heathenism of the Gentiles, have not yet been able to conquer the more obstinate idolatry of Christians. The blind, the misled Pagans bowed and adored the first ray of truth that broke in upon them : but we have eyes, and will not see !

I must remark to you, that the words in the text, though spoken of images, which were more particularly the gods of the ancients, are equally referable to the pictures of the Romish church, and to them I shall chiefly confine this discourse.

Indeed,

Indeed, so gross is the error of adoring the works of the creature, that the folly seems almost greater than the sin ; seems rather to demand pity, than provoke indignation ! They would worship ! they bow to a shadow ! —They would adore the incomprehensive God ! but they revere the faint produce of their own idea ! Instead of him who is the eye of the universal world ; who speaks through all nature, who breathes life into every being ; instead of him, they adore shadows that have eyes, but see not ; mouths, but speak not ; neither is there any breath in their nostrils. These are thy gods, O Rome !

It has been observed, that the evil principle has with the most refined policy always chosen to spread his law under the covert of the true one ; and has never more successfully propagated sin, than when introduced under the veil of piety. In the present case, has he not deluded men into idolatry by passing it on the world for religion ? He preached up adoration of the godhead, but taught them to worship the copy for the original. Nay, what might have tended to heighten their devotion he perverted to the means of their destruction : Painting in itself is innocent ; no art, no science can be criminal ; it is the misapplication that must constitute the sin. Can it be wrong, to imitate or work after the works of the divinity, as far as man can copy the touches of the great artificer ? It is when with impious eyes we look on the human performance as divine ; when we call our own trifling imitations of the deity, inimitable gods : it is then we sin : this is vanity ! this is idolatry ! Would we with other eyes regard these efforts of art, how conducive to religion ! What subjects for devout meditation ! How great that Being that could give to his productions the power even to work after his almighty hand, to draw after his heavenly designs ! Could we so inform our labours, our creations, then were idolatry more excusable ; then might the vessel say to the potter, *How hast thou made me thus ?*

And

And here I cannot but reflect on that infinite goodness, whose thought for our amusement and employment is scarce less admirable than his care for our being and preservation. Not to mention the various arts which he has planted in the heart of man, to be elaborated by study, and struck out by application ; I will only mention this one of Painting. Himself from the dust could call forth this glorious scene of worlds ; this expanse of azure heavens and golden suns ; these beautiful landscapes of hill and dale, of forest and of mountain, of river and of ocean ! From nothing he could build this goodly frame of man, and animate his universal picture with images of himself.—To us, not endowed with omnipotence, nor masters of creation, he has taught with formless masses of colours and diversifications of light and shade to call forth little worlds from the blank canvas, and to people our mimic landscapes with almost living inhabitants ; figures, who, though they see not, yet have eyes ; and have mouths that scarce want speech. Indeed, so great is the perfection to which he hath permitted us to arrive, that one is less amazed at the poor vulgar who adore what seems to surpass the genius of human nature ; and almost excuse the credulity of the populace, who see miracles made obvious to their senses by the hand of a Raphael or Guido. Can we wonder at a poor illiterate creature's giving faith to any legend in the life of the Romish virgin, who sees even the doctors of the * church disputing with such energy on the marvellous circumstances ascribed to her by the catholics ? He must be endowed with a courage, a strength of reasoning above the common standard, who can reject fables when the sword enforces, and the pencil almost authenticates, the belief of them. Not only birds have pecked at painted fruit, and horses neighed at the coloured female : Apelles himself, the prince of the art, was deceived by one of its performances. No wonder then the ignorant should adore, when even the master himself could be cheated by a resemblance.

* See the picture by Guido, in the gallery.

When

When I thus soften the crime of the deceived, I would be understood to double the charge on the real criminal; on those ministers of idolatry, who, calling themselves servants of the living God, transfer his service to inanimate images. Instead of pointing out his attributes in those objects that might make religion more familiar to the common conceptions, they enshrine the frail works of mortality, and burn incense to canvas and oil.

Where is the good priest, where the true charitable Levite, to point out the creator in the works of the creature? to aid the doubting, to strengthen the weak, to imprint the eternal idea on the frail understanding? Let him lead the poor unpractised soul through the paths of religion, and by familiar images mould his ductile imagination to a knowledge of his maker. Then were painting united with devotion, and ransomed from idolatry; and the blended labours of the preacher and the painter might tend to the glory of God: then were each picture a sermon, each pencil *the pen of the heavenly writer.*

Let him say, Thus humble, thus resigned, looked the * Son of God, when he deigned to receive baptism from the hand of man; while ministering angels with holy awe beheld the wondrous office.

Thus chastely beauteous, in such meek majesty, shone the mother † of God! Thus highly favoured among women was the handmaid of the Lord! Here behold the heavenly love of the holy family! the tender care, the innocent smiles, the devout contemplation! Behold inspired ‡ shepherds bowing before the heavenly babe, and the holy mother herself adoring the fruit of her

* See the picture by Albano, in the saloon.

† Several pictures of Madonnas, particularly in the Carlo Marat room, and holy families.

‡ The octagon picture of The Adoration, by Guido, in the gallery.

womb ! whilst good * Simeon in raptures of devotion pronounces the blessings of that miraculous birth !

Then let him turn his eyes to fadder + scenes ! to affliction ! to death ! Let him behold what his God endured for his sake ! behold the pale, the wounded body of his Saviour ; wasted with fasting ; livid from the cross ! See the suffering parent swooning ; and all the passions expressed which she must have felt at that melancholy instant ! Each touch of the pencil is a lesson of contrition, each figure an apostle to call you to repentance.

This leads me to consider the advantages of Painting over a sister art, which has rather been allotted the preference, I mean poetry. The power of words, the harmony of numbers, the expression of thoughts, have raised poetry to a higher station than the mute picture can seem to aspire to. But yet the poem is almost confined to the nation where it was written : however strong its images, or bold its invention, they lose their force when they pass their own confines ; or not understood, they are of no value ; or if translated, grow flat and tasteless. But Painting is a language every eye can read : the pictured passions speak the tongue of every country.

The continence of + Scipio shines with all its lustre, when told by the hand of a Poussin ; while all the imagination of the poet, or eloquence of the historian, can cast no beauty on the virtuous act, in the eye of an illiterate reader.

When such benefits flow from this glorious art, how impious is it to corrupt its uses, and to employ the noblest science to the mercenary purposes of priestly ambition ! to lend all the brightness with which the mas-

* Simeon and the child, by Guido, in the saloon.

+ See the picture of Christ laid in the sepulchre, by Parmegiano, in the cabinet.

† See the picture on this subject in the gallery.

ter's hand could adorn virtue, to deck the persecuting, the barbarous, the wicked head of a sainted inquisitor, a gloomy visionary, or an imaginary hermit! Yet such are deified, such are shrouded in clouds of glory, and exposed for adoration, with all the force of study and colours! How often has a consecrated glutton, or noted concubine, been drest in all the attributes of divinity, as the lewdness or impiety of the painter or pontiff has influenced the picture!—The pontiffs! those gods on earth! those vicegerents of heaven! whose riches, whose vices, nay, whose infirmities and near approach to the grave have perhaps raised them to the * seat of infallibility: soon proved how frail, how mortal, when the only immortality they can hope, is from the masterly pencil of some inestimable painter!

This is indeed not one of the least merits of this, I may say, heavenly art—its power to preserve the form of a departed friend, or dear relation dead! to show how severely just looked the good legislator! how awfully serene the humane, the true patriot! It shows us with what fire, what love of mankind, WILLIAM flew to save religion and liberty! It expresses how honest, how benign the line of HANOVER †! It helps our gratitude to consecrate their memory; and should aid our devotion to praise the almighty goodness, who by those his instruments has preserved his people Israel!

(To be concluded in our next.)

POLITICAL PARTIES IN AMERICA.

THE Americans are republicans, but of two classes; the one leaning to an extension rather than a limitation of the powers of the legislative and executive go-

* See the picture of pope Clement IX. in the Carlo Marat room.

† See the portraits of king William III. and king George I. by Sir Godfrey Kneller, in the parlour.

vernment;

vernment; rather leaning to British than French politics; inclining to introduce and extend the funding, the manufacturing, and the commercial systems. In this class rank almost all the executive officers of government, with Mr. Washington at their head, the majority of the members of the senates, and the greatest part of the opulent merchants of the large towns. This party is denominated the *Federalists* party, because they were the chief introducers and supporters of the present *federal* government, and the Constitution of 1787, and partly from the very ingenious series of letters in favour of that Constitution by Mr. Hamilton, termed *The Federalist*.

The other party are called *Anti-federalists*: not because they are averse to a federal government, or wish, like the French, for a republic one and indivisible; but in contradistinction rather to the denomination of the other class. The *Anti-federalists*, at the time when the present American Constitution was in agitation, were hostile to the extensive powers given to the Government, and wished for more frequent returns to the people of the authority they were to delegate to their trustees in office.

This party objects to the large salaries given to the officers of Government, to the State and the distance assumed by some among them, not even excluding the President Washington, whose manners and mode of living, cold, reserved, and ceremonious (as it is said) have tended, in some degree, to counteract the effect of his great abilities and eminent services.

You will easily suppose from the preceding account, that the *Federalists* are the *ins*, and the *Anti-federalists* the *outs* of the American Government, and this is in a great degree but not universally true.—*Cooper's Account of America.*

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship like love is but a name,
Unless to **ONE** you flint the flame ;
The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care :
'Tis thus in friendship, who depend
On many, rarely find a **FRIEND**. —— **GAY**.

FRIENDSHIP is the most exalted affection of the human breast. It is a theme which has engaged the attention of men of literature and wisdom. The poets have, with all the enthusiasm of verse, celebrated its divine joys, and there is no man who mentions its name with indifference, or would wish the world to believe he did not cherith it within his bosom.

The pleasure arising from perfect friendship must impart the most lively and permanent satisfaction. When the virtues of the object is the basis of the union, exciting tenderness and esteem, when no interested motives sway the mind, it must necessarily be expected to produce the most sublime felicity.

And yet it is a melancholy truth, which the slightest observation every day substantiates, that there is no human possession more transient in its duration. The world swarms with professors of friendship. Every new acquaintance, it is the fashion of the times to call by that endearing name. The avocations of life demand a vigilant attention that our families may be properly supported ; amidst the solicitude attending this pursuit, who ever experienced the felicitous delights of friendship ? There are many who receive assistance from a benevolent and generous patron, which exacts the warmest gratitude, but gratitude has no consanguinity with friendship. It is usual to call such a person our friend, but can we in his presence, or even dare we, give our opinions (if hostile to his sentiments) on politics or religion with freedom ? Does not a painful anxiety, lest we should offend,

fend, fill our bosoms? No men who impartially examine their own hearts, will disown the justness of this representation.

There can exist no perfect friendship without perfect equality of condition. Inferiority of talents is frequently no bar to friendship, for men of genius are often attracted by the amiable virtues of the object, rather than by the brilliancy of their wit, or by the solidity of their powers. After intense application, it must be a delightful relaxation to have a friend to whom they can unbosom their hearts, and with perfect confidence disclose every wish and motive of their souls, on whose cool judgment they can rely, and who, jealous of their fame, will cheerfully and honestly inform them of every action that would fully their reputation as authors, or affect their characters as men.

Yet this union, though productive of pleasure, cannot (if the gifts of fortune are withheld) in the hour of distress meliorate their condition, or rescue them from the apprehension of penury and confinement. Instances are rare when affluent men, who have been delighted with the author's productions, have generously stood forward, and extended the hand of friendship to remove the pressure of their calamities. The melancholy fate of poor BUTLER is a striking instance of the neglect which distressed genius often meets with from the great!

The universal complaint of the insincerity of friends, does not always deserve attention: for those who complain are not unfrequently the cause of its transitory duration. Men who are the slaves of their bad dispositions, this moment sanguine and endearing, and the next sullen, rude, and indifferent, cannot wonder at the secession of their friends. Who would not abandon any possession that gave perhaps more pain than pleasure? Though after the tempest of anger a calm succeed, the stormy passion of the breast, the lightning of the indignant eye, and the torrent of invective, will never be forgotten,

gotten, for the wounds which the feelings receive are seldom healed. One intemperate word has often annihilated an affectionate friendship that had existed for years.

As friends, to be truly agreeable, should not scrutinize too closely each other's innocent foibles, and though nothing immoral should be unnoticed, yet a candid allowance for some trivial failings is to be expected. Mutual enjoyment is the end of all connections, and the moment any alteration takes place, either in the sentiments or manners of the object which attracted our regard, the eye no longer glitters with pleasure at their approach, and the heart no more feels heavy at their absence; we no longer wish to participate their joys, nor share their sorrows.

Friendship, reciprocally felt, must doubtless be an inestimable blessing, yet many entertain romantic opinions of this divine union of the human soul. It is surely not necessary, as many think, to entomb in our friend's bosom every trifling thought, or unimportant occurrence. Though by the sudden impulse of passion, or by the force of strong persuasion, or seductive example, we may commit a variety of foolish actions, it certainly cannot be perjury to friendship to let it repose in our own breasts. The strong doctrine, that life is of no value without a friend, does not deserve general acception, for few men are calculated to share its blessings. Yet life has its enjoyments. Every man being engaged in some pursuit, either of pleasure or of profit, seldom bestows much attention to the characters, or propensities of his associates. If they are civil, sensible, and communicative, he is satisfied. Observation has convinced him, that when the gloomy hour of distress arrives, and when misfortune cuts off all his smiling prospects, there is scarcely one of all the group who would shed the tear of manly sorrow, or would fly to his assistance. Depressed by poverty, and driven by savage cruelty to the very verge of ruin, in vain he raves at his cruel destiny;

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in vain he flies to his companions for relief. Their torpid breasts, unmoved by generous emotions, feel no pity; their features, that smiles were wont to grace, are now disfigured by insolent indifference, or cold contempt. Shut are the doors that used to be opened with ardent haste, and apparent hospitality. The eye is now averted when they meet, and if perchance he is mentioned, it is with the malignity of fiends who exult over ruined man. His distress is now imputed to misconduct, and the generosity of his disposition is now called profuseness and ostentation.

Though unblest with real friends, the man of literature can amuse himself with his books, and with his pen. The man of science with his problems, the peasant with his jug of ale and jocund song, and the domestic man, with the prattle and embraces of his children, and the endearments of his wife: in *their* society he finds, if health and fortune are propitious, every blessing of real importance in this life. The refined pleasures of friendship would certainly add to the sum of his felicity; but if denied, he feels no gloomy discontent, no dissatisfaction with existence, or shews moroseness towards his fellow men. The beauty of the roseate morn, and the radiance of the declining sun, impart their usual pleasurable sensations—nor less harmonious are the feathery minstrels songs, the murmuring brooks, or babbling rills. Equally beautiful are the starry orbs of heaven, and the pale moon whose mild rays shew the distant hills—the dusky woods, waved by the gales of night, and the tall shadow of the oak reflecting upon the adjoining mead, still enrapture, still excite his gratitude and praise.

The uncertainty of friendship often proves of singular advantage to a reflecting mind, and incites an ardent endeavour to attain the friendship of that BEING who knows not the shadow of a change!

J. S.

ADVAN-

ADVANTAGES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

(From Keith's View of Great Britain).

OUR island possesses many and signal advantages, which arise from different *natural, moral, and political* causes; and some of these are permanent, while others are only temporary. He is not a good subject, who does not take delight in hearing the advantages which are enjoyed by the inhabitants of this country: nor is he a great statesman, who cannot distinguish those which are permanent, and which cannot be taken from us, from those which are only temporary, and of which we may be deprived, either by our bad fortune, or our bad conduct.

The *natural advantages* of Great Britain are the following:

1. From its situation as an island, which, since the union of the two kingdoms, contains only one nation, it is easily defended against foreign enemies; and its inhabitants are capable of enjoying a greater degree of liberty than can be enjoyed, for any length of time, by any of the great kingdoms on the continent, who have an extensive frontier to defend.

2. From its geographical situation, between 49 and 59 degrees of north latitude, it enjoys a temperate climate. This tends to promote the warlike character of the people, and to keep them longer from effeminacy, than if Britain were situated nearer to the equator. (A long time must elapse before Scotland and Wales are enervated by luxury. If they ever become effeminate, it must be in spite of nature). It also tends to promote the national industry, and enables us to perform more labour in the course of a year, than if Britain had been placed nearer to the pole. The inhabitants of the polar circles are shivering with cold, or buried under ground in a state of inactivity; while those of Britain, during the winter season, are active and industrious.

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We live, I confess, in a variable, but in a healthy climate ; which is equally favourable to bravery and to industry.

3. From the extent of its surface, and the quality of its soil, our island is capable of maintaining all its inhabitants. It has frequently exported grain to other countries, generally exports a considerable quantity to its colonies ; and from the attention which is now generally paid to its agriculture, it will soon be able to support a much increased population.

4. From its mines, rude produce, and raw materials, it is capable of maintaining a great number of manufacturers, who may either exchange their goods with the farmers for articles of provision, or with other nations, for such materials or manufactures as they stand in need of.

5. From its figure, which is oblong, and indented with many harbours and navigable rivers, it is much more adapted for foreign commerce, than if, like Borneo, it were of a spherical figure ; while both its harbours and inland navigation facilitate the conveyance of bulky or weighty goods from one part of the island to another.

6. The population of this kingdom, which now contains eight millions of inhabitants, is already very considerable ; and, notwithstanding our wars and emigrations to our foreign colonies and other countries, is increasing, and is capable of being yet more increased.—Scotland, within these forty years, is known to have increased above a fourth part of its present population, or a third of its inhabitants, since 1756. England has also greatly increased, and if we pay at last proper attention to our agriculture, our population may soon be double of its present number.

The *moral advantages* which Britain enjoys, are its religion and its laws.

1. The Christian religion has long been received in our island. It kept men together in society, and had several good effects, in the dark and middle ages. Happily

pily for this country, on the revival of literature it was reformed; and with slight shades of difference, was established both in South and North Britain. In both, it exists in a far purer form than that in which it was retained in a neighbouring country, where the simplicity of Christianity was disfigured by the ceremonies, or destroyed by the superstition of the Romish Church. In the form in which we receive this pure, mild, and humane religion, it is highly agreeable to reason; and tends so much to promote peace, order, and good morals in society, that the political philosopher, who sometimes doubts its evidence, is as much bound to respect and support it, as the learned divine, who firmly believes its truth, and strenuously supports its authority.

2. Good laws, which permit inequality of fortunes, as the rewards of valour and industry, of wisdom and virtue, but establish the equality of rights, are another class of moral causes, which have been highly beneficial to this kingdom. These laws have not been enacted by the arbitrary power of a prince, but by the wisdom of the great councils of the nation; or have been established by long usage, and a general conviction of their utility; and are exercised in general not by the cadi of a despot, or the deputy of a great baron; but by a jury of Englishmen, who have every motive to do justice. These laws, with all their imperfections, are perhaps the best in the known world; and, as moral causes, they have contributed much to the prosperity of this kingdom.

The *political* advantages of this kingdom, are its free constitution, and its present state of civilization, or progress to social refinement.

1. The British constitution, long the glory of this country, and the envy of foreigners, is not, strictly speaking, a monarchy, but as Montesquieu justly observes, a mixed form of government. While our civil laws are founded on justice and reason, and, as above mentioned, are efficient causes of our national prosperity, our political constitution, which is so favourable to

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our liberty, has been productive of the most important advantages to this country. It has distributed the different branches of political authority, between the King, Lords, and Commons, in such a way, as has been found by experience to promote the general good of society ;—has been found to do so by a great nation, which has made a series of experiments, of different kinds of government, for many centuries, and which, I hope, will as soon be induced to adopt the unfounded hypotheses of Des Cartes, in preference to the experimental philosophy of Sir Isaac Newton, as it will prefer the French theories of liberty, to that well-tried and practical government, the British constitution. By this the authority of the King is limited, while his person is held sacred, and his ministers are liable to be prosecuted or impeached ;—the senators or peers are rendered independent of popular opinion ; and the representatives of the people are removable at certain periods, when their constituents do not choose to re-elect them.—No taxes can be imposed upon the people, but what are granted by their representatives ; and no man can be tried for any crime, but by a jury of his peers. The effect of this constitution, which has no doubt given us our national pride, have been very important and beneficial. It has raised our national character, increased our national strength, and encouraged our national industry.

2. The state of society in which we live at present, tends very much to increase the demand for labour. The discoveries in philosophy have led to the invention of various machines, which shorten that labour ; and, in our progress from rudeness to refinement, we have learned the divisions of labour, and the art of manufacturing goods to a great degree of fineness. Hence a common labourer in Great Britain has more real accommodation than an African prince.

While natural, moral, and political causes, taken separately, have procured so many advantages to the nation, they have, when all united, raised our country to great

great strength and opulence ; and have increased our resources to a very great extent. Industry has been stimulated, labour abridged, our capital accumulated, and agriculture encouraged. The complete protection of private property has stimulated industry. The division of labour, which has generally taken place, has rendered that labour more productive to the community. And the accumulation of capital, the joint effect of national industry and of the economy of individuals, added to the invention of various machines by our philosophers and mechanicians, enable us to manufacture goods at a cheaper rate, than can be done by those nations where the nominal price of labour is much lower, and the real value of money is much higher than in this country. Our agriculture has been stimulated and improved, by the influx of wealth among our manufacturers. Great Britain is, on the whole, one of the best cultivated countries in Europe ; and maintains above eight millions of inhabitants, with more real value of food than is allowed in many countries to ten millions, and perhaps, in some places, to twelve millions of people. At the same time it deserves to be particularly remarked, that it is probably the only great nation that ever existed, whose floating capital is equal in value to its fixed capital, or to all the landed property in the island.

Such are the advantages which the inhabitants of this country enjoy, which have raised the power of Great Britain to so great a height, and which have increased the wealth of the nation to so great an extent, that no British subject, who has the full use of his understanding, will exchange them with the privileges of any nation upon earth.

AN
ACCOUNT OF THE FATA MORGANA;
 OR,
**THE OPTICAL APPEARANCE OF FIGURES IN THE
 SEA AND THE AIR IN THE FARO OF MESSINA.**

(From *Nicholson's Journal of Philosophy.*)

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid Isles
 Placed far amid the melancholy main,
 Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
 Or that aerial beings sometimes deign
 To stand embodied to our senses plain,
 Sees on the naked hill or valley low,
 The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
 A vast assembly, moving to and fro,
 Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous shew.

THOMSON.

VARIOUS philosophical writers and travellers, among them our English travellers Brydone and Swinburne, make mention of a very striking phenomenon which occasionally appears in the Straits of Messina, and is known by the name of Fata Morgana, or as some render it, the Castles of the Fairy Morgana. The accounts differ from each other as well with respect to the appearances, as the concomitant circumstances which are supposed to be necessary for producing them. How far the effects themselves may be subject to variation, or to what extent the imagination of the narrators, who speak of the exhibition as calculated to produce astonishment, may be subject to irregularity, would admit of discussion; but the general certainty of the events, is matter of universal notoriety, and admits of no doubt.

When the rising sun shines from that point whence its incident ray forms an angle of about forty-five degrees on the sea of Reggio, and the bright surface of the water in the bay is not disturbed either by the wind or the current, the spectator being placed on an eminence

of the city, with his back to the sun and his face to the sea, on a sudden there appear in the water, as in a catoptric theatre, various multiplied objects, that is to say, numberless series of pilasters, arches, castles well delineated, regular columns, lofty towers, superb palaces, with balconies and windows, extended alleys of trees, delightful plains with herds and flocks, armies of men on foot and horseback, and many other strange images in their natural colours and proper actions, passing rapidly in succession along the surface of the sea, during the whole of the short period of time, while the above-mentioned causes remain. But if, in addition to the circumstances before described, the atmosphere be highly impregnated with vapour and dense exhalations, not previously dispersed by the actions of the wind or waves, or rarefied by the sun; it then happens, that in this vapour, as in a curtain extended along the channel to the height of about thirty palms, and nearly down to the sea, the observer will behold the scene of the same objects, not only reflected from the surface of the sea, but likewise in the air, though not so distinct or well defined as the former objects from the sea. Lastly, if the air be slightly hazy and opaque, and at the same time dewy, and adapted to form the iris, then the above-mentioned objects will appear only at the surface of the sea, as in the first case, but all vividly coloured or fringed with red, green, blue, and other prismatic colours.

THE CANT OF THE TIMES.

—Laudator temporis acti
Se puero, castigator censorque minorum.

HORACE.

TO men of every class, the degeneracy of the age in which they live, is a common topic of declamation. However just, in particular instances, their censures may be, they, for the most part, arise from weakness,

weakness, affectation, and pride. The declaimer himself is tacitly insinuating that *he* is free from the contagion of the times. But would not the person thus engaged in captiously censuring the age, be better employed in endeavouring to remove the grounds of this charge, by diligently performing the duties of his own sphere. Each individual will consider himself as not included in a charge, laid in such general terms as this must necessarily be.—It can therefore only serve to show the affectation or ill humour of the person, who so officiously points out, and declaims against, the vices and follies of the present day.

It is not meant, however, that where vice and degeneracy are prevalent, they should not be impartially exposed and condemned. Truths, in such a case, however disagreeable they may be, must be told, and represented in the clearest light. This is the duty of every enlightened patriot; and of all who are concerned for the welfare and happiness of the state, of which they are members. All I intend in this Essay, is to shew the folly and weakness of that captious temper of mind, which is pleased only in censuring the degeneracy of the present day; and in making invidious comparisons of the *present* with the virtues of *former* times.

In the present age (as they have in all ages) particular vices and abuses do certainly prevail. The vices of the present day, appear to me to be chiefly those of chicanery, deceit, and a *cold indifference* towards religion. These are certainly evils of a very dangerous and destructive tendency. They stain and defile the character, while they abuse the heart.

But let us look into history.—Let us view the character of our countrymen in former times. We will then see that vices of a more alarming nature characterised the great mass of our ancestors. Are not the annals of our nation stained by the horrid effects of that spirit of intolerance, bigotry, fanaticism, and cruelty, which possessed the minds of the people? Can any feeling reader refrain from shuddering at the description of

these horrid scenes of cruelty and violence which accompanied the supposed discovery of the Popish Plot in the reign of our second Charles? No one, surely.

In the present day, the minds of the common people are more enlightened and improved than in former times, by the extensive spread of knowledge and information.—But these by no means exclude the entrance of vicious habits:—and in a state of commerce, what vices are more common than *chicanery* and *deceit*? As to the last-mentioned vice, to wit, an *indifference towards religion*, may it not in some measure be accounted for from the laxness, and unexemplary conduct of the generality of our clergy?

Of late it is to be lamented, that many proofs of a depravity in the national taste have appeared.—But with such excellent models of taste and elegance before us, as the works of a JOHNSON, a SMOLLET, and a GOLDSMITH, much may still be hoped.

Depravity in the taste of the age had arisen to a surprising height in the days of POPE:—it called forth his bold and manly satire, and the depravity disappeared. Laudable efforts with the same view are now making. And certainly the best wishes and hopes of every reader of taste do accompany the present exertions of a GIFFORD*. But while the censurers of the age continue only to make general complaints against the degeneracy of the times, without marking with a friendly hand any particular abuses, little advantage can be expected to arise. These complaints do not, cannot flow from a genuine patriotism, they only indicate a heart chilled by censure, and narrowed by prejudice.

Glasgow College,
Aug. 15, 1798.

R. R. J. C.

* W. GIFFORD, Esq. author of the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, and from any thing the writer of this article has seen, the most likely to be the author of *The Pursuits of Literature*.

A VISIT TO
 SIR ASHTON LEVER's MUSEUM,
 NEAR BLACK FRIARS BRIDGE*,
 BY JOHN EVANS, A. M.

Hail, sovereign goodness! all-productive mind!
 On all thy works *thyself* inscribed we find.
 How various all, how variously endowed!
 How great their number—and each part how good!
 How perfect then must the great Parent shine?
 Who with one act of energy divine
 Laid the vast plan, and finished the design.

BLACKLOCK.

UPON entering this elegant repository of natural curiosities, my mind was smitten with a pleasing admiration. A desire of becoming acquainted with the fair varieties of nature fired my bosom. *Here*, was every prospect of having my curiosity gratified.

The first apartment which claimed my attention, contained articles brought over from the South Sea Islands by COOKE, that immortal navigator! Whilst we gaze at the ingenuity of savages, we cannot but be astonished at the flight of their gods. The frightfulness of their figures indicates the extent of their fear which could have suggested such hideous monsters. It has been remarked, that savages are of opinion, that a good Being ought not to be worshipped, for his only inclination is, to make men happy; therefore he wants no supplications for the purpose. Whereas, evil spirits full of mischief should be propitiated, and every possible rite devised and practised for the attainment of that end. In the contemplation, however, of these exhibitions of

* Sir Ashton Lever deserves well of the public for having furnished them with so valuable a cabinet of natural history, which has, in several respects, been augmented by the present possessor, the ingenious Mr. Parkinson.

superstition, we cannot help pitying the ignorance of those deluded creatures who have recourse to such objects for succour. In *our* breasts, who are enlightened by the rays of revelation, the consideration of the superiority of our condition should inspire gratitude. We are taught to prostrate ourselves before the ONE only true and living GOD!

We next are presented with nature herself in her variegated scenery. Her stores are usually distributed into three grand departments; the fossile, the vegetable, and the animal kingdoms. The accuracy of this division renders it subservient to the knowledge of natural history. Each of those kingdoms hath their several divisions, for which in a *perfect* museum a shelf will be reserved. It may be instructive to the reader to know the several classifications*.

Eleven classes comprehend the *fossile* or *mineral* kingdom, which forms the original basis of every thing pertaining to this globe. They have neither organization nor life. The classes are: 1. Waters. 2. Earth. 3. Sands. 4. Stones. 5. Salts. 6. Pyrites. 7. Semimetals. 8. Metals. 9. Bitumens and sulphurs. 10. Volcanic productions. 11. Petrifications, fossils, and *Iusus naturæ*.

The *vegetable* kingdom embraces *ten* divisions. Vegetables are organised bodies, but they possess not like animals, spontaneous motion or feeling. 1. Roots. 2. Barks. 3. Woods and Stalks. 4. Leaves. 5. Flowers. 6. Fruits and seeds. 7. Parasite plants; also agarics and mushrooms. 8. The juices of vegetables; such as balsams and solid resins, resinous gums, and gums properly so called. 9. Extracted juices, sugars and dregs. 10. Marine plants, and plants growing on the sea shore.

The remaining department of natural history the *animal* kingdom, is included also in *ten* divisions. This

* See the *Encyclopediæ Britannica*, Article, *Natural History*.

kingdom,

kingdom derives the substance necessary to its existence, either mediately or immediately, from the vegetable kingdom. The divisions of the animal department are these: 1. Lithophytes. 2. Zoophytes. 3. Testaceous animals. 4. Crustaceous animals. 5. Insects. 6. Fishes. 7. Amphibious animals, reptiles, and oviparous quadrupeds. 8. Birds with their nests and eggs. 9. Viviparous quadrupeds. 10. MAN.

Under these several characteristical classes in each of these three kingdoms of nature, are other divisions, almost without end. This general survey, however, will lead us to form a faint idea of the extent of the stores with which nature hath presented us. The origin, the preservation, and the destruction of these several objects in their full extent, open a wide field for speculation.

In the *museum*, which we are now surveying, elegant specimens are exhibited of some of the principal curiosities which can engage the human attention. Its articles indeed more especially belong to the mineral and animal kingdoms. To these departments, therefore, we shall confine these few reflections, which are designed to promote the instruction and entertainment of the rising generation.

In the *mineral* kingdom very numerous are the articles challenging our attention. The varieties into which the particles of matter are thrown excite our astonishment. The beauties resulting from the crystallization of certain bodies cannot be described, and the regular manner in which the crystallization of each body is formed, has baffled the skill of the profoundest philosophers. The different concretions, however discernible to the scrutinizing eye, cannot be fully explained. That nature is governed by stated laws, is readily acknowledged; but the mode by which they operate escape human observation. These secrets perhaps are reserved for the future discoveries of chymistry.

In the treasures of the earth it is not beauty alone that we are called upon to behold. The generation

of

of the mineral tribes is a matter of astonishment ! metals and semi-metals, with their varieties, are deserving of attentive consideration. Gold, silver, iron, lead, together with their subordinate classes, must not be passed over in silence. What riches are contained in the bosom of the globe ! Nature is replete with wonders. We are pleasingly surprised in examining her stores. The useful purposes to which these fossils are applied, render them of unspeakable advantage to society. It is not gold itself, but the evil purposes to which it is not unfrequently appropriated, and the evil passions which it sometimes generates, that makes it productive of mischief to mankind. Upon nature we lay no blame. To our abuse of the favours of heaven should our miseries be traced. Of what great importance is *iron* alone to the interests of society ! In almost every article contributing to our accommodation and comfort is this mineral used. To impart stability to our domestic habitations, to keep off the inveterate foe, to form implements of industry, to impregnate liquids with medicinal qualities ; these, together with other purposes equally valuable, cannot be easily estimated. Indeed minerals in general are of inconceivable utility :

Hence labour draws his tools ; hence burnished war
Gleams on the day ; the nobler works of peace
Hence bless mankind, and generous commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain !

THOMSON.

It has been a question agitated with warmth, whether to the discovery of minerals, or to the taming of animals, mankind are most indebted for many of the advantages and pleasures of human life.

Volcanic productions also excite within the thoughtful mind awful considerations. Fire is a terrific element. Operating upon the interior parts of nature, and flinging up into the air vast masses of its liquid stores, must appall the stoutest heart, and throw the firmest

firmeſt ſpectator into a degree of trepidation. This is a phenomenon on which the ſkill of philosophers has been ſtudiously exerciſed. Whatever hypothesis has been formed for its explication, the tremendous fact is acknowledged. By theſe fiery eruptions, what ſolemn ideas are excited in the contemplative mind! Individuals reſiding in the neighbourhood of *Etna* or *Vesuvius* muſt experience ſerious emotions. Yet, we are credibly informed, that their gaiety is not on this account di- minished. With them it ſeems, *sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof*. The ruins of *Herculean* affright them not; theſe ſpecimens of deſtaſation diſturb not their tranquillity. Happy would it be did theſe instances of the Divine Power remind men of their dependance on the Supreme Being! *Means of vengeance* are in his poſſeſſion, yet *mercy* and *compassion* are his chief de- light.

From the *mineral*, paſſing over the *vegetable*, we ascend into the *animal* kingdom, ſince this cabinet of natural history contains chiefly what relates to theſe two departments.

Animal life is diſtributed into a thouſand channels, from the crawling inſect up to the elephant of gigantic magnitude! The gradation is wonderful, and every ſtep replete with diſplays of the divine wiſdom. The con- templation of this extensive ſcale of Being affords ex- quisite pleasure. To perceive ſo many animals en- joying the bleſſing of exiſtence, proves a ſource of ſatisfaction to the benevolent mind. It expands the heart, and elevates our noſtions of the deity.

The *inſect*, though ſmall, in ſome caſes ſcarcely diſcernable to the natural eye, is, notwithstanding, a world of wonders! By the aid of the miſcroſcope its ſtructure has been iſtiguated, and its manifold intricacies un- ravelled. The muſtiplicity and perfeſion of its ſeveral parts, the exquife niceſty with which they are adjuſted, and the curiouſ ends which they are adjuſted to anſwer, proclaim its Maſter to be diſine! Even the diſminutive inſect

insect displays the perfections of Deity ! Were we more acquainted with these subjects, the more heightened would be our admiration ! That the generality of mankind slumber over these manifestations of infinite wisdom, must be ascribed to their ignorance and inattention.

The *fishes* next claim our attention—from the inconsiderable shrimp, up to the vast whale, the terror of the northern seas :—

“ Where the huge potent of the scaly train,
Enormous fails incumbent o'er the main
An animated isle : and in his way
Dashes to heaven's blue arch the foaming sea.”

How admirably adapted is the form of a fish to glide through the watery deep ! Its scales for means of defence, and to facilitate the rapidity of its motion are well fitted. Every part of its constitution accords with the element in which it is destined to live. The piscatory tribes contribute to the support of the lower classes of mankind, and occasionally augment the delicacies of the rich man's table. By catching of them means of livelihood are afforded to numbers of the human race, whilst the *contemplative angler* with his rod and line sooths the cares, and lessens the oppressive anxieties of life !

The *birds* demand no small share of our admiration. To the elegance of their forms—the richness of their hues—and the general beauty of their appearance, no spectator can be insensible. From the diminutive humming bird to the ostrich of the desert, what varieties exist in this department of nature ! The feathery tribes, by the gentleness of their manners, and the melody of their tongues, charm every heart that possesses the least degree of sensibility. Nor must we forget the skill with which their little nests are formed. The variety of its materials—the delicacy of its structure—and its fitness in every respect for a habitation, ensure our applause ;

Most

Most of all it wins my admiration
To view the structure of this little work
A BIRD'S-NEST. Mark it well within, without,
No tool had he that wrought—no knife to cut,
No nail to fix; no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join—his little beak was all.
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,
With every implement, and means of art
And twenty years apprenticeship to boot
Could make me such another? Fondly then
We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill
Instinctive genius foils.

BURDIS.

Quadrupeds of every dimension form an interesting subject of contemplation. Their structure, their appearance, and their utility in the general system, strike every attentive mind. Pope has applied to the elephant the epithet of *half-reasoning*—and the dog has on various occasions exhibited powers of ratiocination. Instances of sagacity are on record, which excite our surprise and astonishment. The attachment of dogs to their masters is almost inconceivable. Their docility also is proverbial. *Poison* was a common mode of terminating life among the Romans—and these animals were trained to exhibit on a public stage, all the progressive agonies attending that kind of dissolution. Indeed to detail every specimen of their instinctive and acquired discernment, would exceed our limits. Suffice it to say, that the sagacity of the dog—the docility of the horse—the skill of the beaver—the domestic sociability of the cat, are qualities deserving of our attention. Even the comic playfulness of the monkey, administers to our entertainment.

With MAN, the Master-piece of creation, shall we conclude these cursory observations. Whatever be his infirmities, his body and his mind yield ample materials for enquiry—The one formed from the dust of the earth, is fearfully and wonderfully made—the other issuing from the breath of God, is an equal manifestation of his power

power and wisdom. When man was originally created, he was invested with the dominion of this lower world. By the nature and extent of his faculties, he was well capacitated for this elevated sphere of being. Every thing which may be denominated *art*, flows from the ingenuity of the rational principle, by which the human race are lifted up above the other parts of creation. All things resulting from human skill are exhibitions of what his reason can effect in the station which has been assigned him. Much has been advanced respecting the savage and civilized state of human beings. By the discontented, the advantages of the former have been magnified, and the evils of the latter exaggerated. The arts and sciences, however, are memorable instances of human ability; and from the practice of the one, and the study of the other, innumerable advantages have been derived. Man, in his individual and social capacity, is a just subject of astonishment. He has been emphatically styled a *microcosm*—a little world! His constitution, both of body and of mind, therefore, should be minutely examined, for the toil of our researches will be amply repaid.

The most prominent feature of the human mind is the power of discriminating and classing the objects (however numerous) submitted to its inspection. This faculty is connected with the philosophy of the intellect, and deeply interwoven with the structure of man. Simple and easy appears the process of distribution in the present improved state of society. But at the origin of things, it must have been a work of immense labour, and therefore, though gradual in its operation, attended with considerable difficulty. To arrange, for instance, the productions of nature into their appropriate classes, must have required great ingenuity. The eye must have marked the objects with keen penetration, and the mind must have possessed an extensive comprehension of them, before a just arrangement was effected. These things being done to our hands, we are not sufficiently apprised

apprised of their utility. Discrimination is, indeed, the basis on which the superstructure of all science hath been reared.

This luminous property of human intellect leads to devotion. In an unsophisticated mind, the traits of power and wisdom, discernible throughout nature, generate a belief in the existence and perfections of a Supreme Being. The dissection of the human frame alone convinced the famous physician Galen, that there is a God. From the understanding of a man, endued with sensibility, this elevated idea cannot be excluded. It is his delight to recognize that great First Cause by which all things have been created and sustained ! To him, the universe is a spacious temple ; every part of whose architecture affords incitements to devotion :

“ I read his awful name, embiazon’d high,
With golden letters on the illumined sky ;
Nor less the *mythic* characters I see
Wrought in each flower, inscrib’d on ev’ry tree ;
In ev’ry leaf that trembles to the breeze,
I hear the voice of God among the trees :
In *every* creature own thy forming pow’r,
In each event thy Providence adore.
Thus shall I rest unmov’d by all alarms,
Secure within the *temple* of thine arms ;
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself *omnipotent* in thee.”

MRS. BARBAULD.

Of all the systems fabricated by profanity for the extinction of its fears, atheism is the most insulting to the understanding, and the most unwelcome to the heart. Chance, its favourite term, is destitute of meaning, or rather was invented to conceal the ignorance of those persons by whom it was adopted. “ Atheism,” said the late Lord Orford, “ I dislike. It is gloomy, uncomfortable, and, in my eye, unnatural and irrational. It certainly requires more credulity to believe that there is no God, than to believe that there is a God. This fair

creation, those magnificent heavens, the fruit of matter and chance ! O impossible ! ”

Bishop Watson, also, who possesses an enlightened and philosophic mind, pertinently remarks :—

“ When a man makes a watch, builds a ship, erects a silk-mill, constructs a telescope, we do not scruple to say, that the man has a *design* in what he does. And can we say that this solar system, a thousand times more regular in all its motions than watches, ships, or silk-mills, that the infinity of other systems dispersed throughout the immensity of space, inconceivably surpassing in magnitude and complication of motion this of which our earth is but a minute part, or even that the eye which now reads what is here written, a thousand times better fitted for its function than any telescope, can we say, that there was *no design* in the formation of these things ? ”

“ Tell us not that it is allowed that there must be intelligence in an artificer who makes a watch or a telescope ; but that as to the *Artificer of the universe*, we cannot comprehend his nature. What then shall we on that account deny his existence ? With better reason might a grub, buried in the bowels of the earth, deny the existence of a man, whose nature it cannot comprehend ; for a grub is indefinitely nearer to man in all intellectual endowments (if the expression can be permitted) than man is to his maker. With better reason may we deny the existence of an *intellectual faculty* in the man who makes a machine ; we know not the nature of the man ; we see not the *mind* which contrives the figure, size, and adoption of the several parts ; we simply see the hand which forms and puts them together.

“ Shall a shipwrecked mathematician, on observing a geometrical figure accurately described on the sand of the sea-shore, encourage his followers with saying, *Let us hope for the best, for I see the traces of men.* And shall not man, in contemplating the structure of the universe, or of *any part of it*, say to the whole human race :—Brethren ! be of good comfort, we are not begotten of chance, we are not born of atoms, our progenitors have not come into existence by crawling out of the mud of the Nile ; behold the footsteps of a Being powerful, wise, and good—not nature, but the God of nature—the Father of the universe ! ”

Con-

Contemplating nature with a devotional eye, confers an additional value on the several parts of which it is formed. They are viewed with greater eagerness. They are scrutinized with a more intense accuracy. Referred to a Supreme Being the visible creation constitutes a capacious volume, every page and every line of which is perused with avidity and delight. Nor let this religious view of my subject incur censure. The wisest and best of the human race have indulged such meditations. *Newton* and *Boyle*, *Ray* and *Maclaurin*, are distinguished for the devotional spirit by which their scientific researches are characterised. *THOMSON* also, the pride of our isle, contemplated nature with a discriminative energy. Into almost every scene which his pencil pourtrays, the agency of the Divine Being is most happily introduced. His expressive lines, therefore, will form a pleasing conclusion :—

“ Ye CHIEF! for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn. In swarming cities vast
Assembled men! To the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear
At solemn pauses through the swelling base,
And as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to Heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
Then let the shepherd’s flute, the virgin’s lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet’s lyre,
Still sing the God of seasons as they roll.
..... But I lose
Myself in **HIM**—in light ineffable:
Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise!

Hoxton-square, September 1798.

THE
BEAUTIES
OF THE
LATE MARY WOOLLSTONCRAFT GODWIN,

Author of "*A Vindication of the Rights of Women.*"

CAREFULLY SELECTED

FROM HER VARIOUS PUBLICATIONS,

For the Entertainment and Instruction of the rising Generation.

(Continued from page 381 of Vol. IV.)

(From *Travels into Sweden, Norway, and Denmark*)

QUISTRAM.

ADVANCING towards Quistram, as the sun was beginning to decline, I was particularly impressed by the beauty of the situation. The road was on the declivity of a rocky mountain, slightly covered with a mossy herbage and fragrant firs. At the bottom, a river, straggling among the recesses of stone, was hastening forward to the ocean and its grey rocks, of which we had a prospect on the left, whilst on the right it stole peacefully forward into the meadows, losing itself in a thickly wooded rising ground. As we drew near, the loveliest bank of wild flowers variegated the prospect, and promised to exhale odours to add to the sweetness of the air, the purity of which you could almost see, alas! not smell, for the putrifying herrings, which they used as manure, after the oil has been extracted, spread over the patches of earth, claimed by cultivation, destroyed every other.

It was intolerable, and entered with us into the inn, which was in other respects a charming retreat.

Whilst

Whilst supper was preparing I crossed the bridge, and strolled by the river, listening to its murmurs. Approaching the bank, the beauty of which had attracted my attention in the carriage, I recognized many of my old acquaintance growing with great luxuriancy.

Seated on it, I could not avoid noting an obvious remark. Sweden appeared to me the country in the world most proper to form the botanist and natural historian: every object seemed to remind me of the creation of things, of the first efforts of sportive nature. When a country arrives at a certain state of perfection, it looks as if it were made so; and curiosity is not excited. Besides, in social life too many objects occur for any to be distinctly observed by the generality of mankind; yet a contemplative man, or poet, in the country, I do not mean the country adjacent to cities, feels and sees what would escape vulgar eyes, and draws suitable inferences. This train of reflections might have led me further, in every sense of the word; but I could not escape from the detestable evaporation of the herrings, which poisoned all my pleasure.

After making a tolerable supper, for it is not easy to get fresh provisions on the road, I retired, to be lulled to sleep by the murmuring of a stream, of which I with great difficulty obtained sufficient to perform my daily ablutions.

JOURNEY TO STROMSTAD.

Approaching the frontiers, consequently the sea, nature resumed an aspect ruder and ruder, or rather seemed the bones of the world waiting to be clothed with every thing necessary to give life and beauty. Still it was sublime.

The clouds caught their hue of the rocks that menaced them. The sun appeared afraid to shine, the birds ceased to sing, and the flowers to bloom; but the eagle fixed his nest high among the rocks, and the vulture hovered over this abode of desolation. The farm

houses, in which only poverty resided, were formed of logs scarcely keeping off the cold and drifting snow ; out of them the inhabitants seldom peeped, and the sports or prattling of children was neither seen nor heard. The current of life seemed congealed at the source : all were not frozen ; for it was summer, you remember ; but every thing appeared so dull, that I waited to see ice, in order to reconcile me to the absence of gaiety.

The day before, my attention had frequently been attracted by the wild beauties of the country we passed through.

The rocks which tossed their fantastic heads so high were often covered with pines and firs, varied in the most picturesque manner. Little woods filled up the recesses, when forests did not darken the scene ; and vallies and glens, cleared of the trees, displayed a dazzling verdure which contrasted with the gloom of the shading pines. The eye stole into many a covert where tranquillity seemed to have taken up her abode, and the number of little lakes that continually presented themselves, added to the peaceful composure of the scenery. The little cultivation which appeared did not break the enchantment, nor did the castles rear their turrets aloft to crush the cottages, and prove that man is more savage than the natives of the woods. I heard of the bears, but never saw them stalk forth, which I was sorry for ; I wished to have seen one in its wild state. In the winter, I am told, they sometimes catch a stray cow, which is a heavy loss to the owner.

The farms are small. Indeed most of the houses we saw on the road indicated poverty, or rather that the people could just live. Towards the frontiers they grew worse and worse in their appearance, as if not willing to put sterility itself out of countenance. No gardens smiled round the habitations, not a potatoe or cabbage to eat with the fish drying on a stick near the door. A little grain here and there appeared, the long stalks of which you might almost reckon. The day was gloomy when

when we passed over this rejected spot, the wind bleak, and winter seemed to be contending with nature, faintly struggling to change the season. Surely, thought I, if the sun ever shines here, it cannot warm these stones ; moss only cleaves to them, partaking of their hardness ; and nothing like vegetable life appears to cheer with hope the heart.

So far from thinking that the primitive inhabitants of the world lived in a southern climate, where Paradise arose, I am led to infer, from various circumstances, that the first dwelling of man happened to be a spot like this which led him to adore a sun so seldom seen ; for this worship, which probably preceded that of demons or demi-gods, certainly never began in a southern climate, where the continual presence of the sun prevented its being considered as a god ; or rather the want of it never being felt, this glorious luminary would carelessly have diffused its blessings without being hailed as a benefactor. Man must therefore have been placed in the north, to tempt him to run after the sun, in order that the different parts of the earth might be peopled. Nor do I wonder that hordes of barbarians always poured out of these regions to seek for milder climes, when nothing like cultivation attached them to the soil ; especially when we take into the view that the adventuring spirit, common to man, is naturally stronger and more general during the infancy of society. The conduct of the followers of Mahomet, and the crusaders, will sufficiently corroborate my assertion.

NIGHT.

The evening was fine, as is usual at this season ; and the refreshing odour of the pine woods became more perceptible ; for it was nine o'clock when we left Fredericshall. At the ferry we were detained by a dispute relative to our Swedish passport, which we did not think of getting countersigned in Norway. Midnight was coming on ; yet it might with such propriety have

have been termed the noon of night, that had Young ever travelled towards the north, I should not have wondered at his becoming enamoured of the moon. But it is not the queen of night alone who reigns here in all her splendor, though the sun, loitering just below the horizon, decks her with a golden tinge from his car, illuminating the cliffs that hide him; the heavens also, of a clear softened blue, throw her forward, and the evening star appears a lesser moon to the naked eye. The huge shadows of the rocks, fringed with firs, concentrating the views, without darkening them, excited that tender melancholy, which sublimating the imagination, exalts, rather than depresses the mind.

My companions fell asleep:—fortunately they did not snore; and I contemplated, fearless of idle questions, a night such as I had never before seen or felt to charm the senses, and calm the heart. The very air was balmy, as it freshened into morn, producing the most voluptuous sensations. A vague pleasurable sentiment absorbed me, as I opened my bosom to the embraces of nature; and my soul rose to its author, with the chirping of the solitary birds, which began to feel, rather than see, advancing day. I had leisure to mark its progress. The grey morn, streaked with silvery rays, ushered in the orient beams,—how beautifully varying into purple!—yet, I was sorry to lose the soft watry clouds which preceded them, exciting a kind of expectation that made me almost afraid to breathe, lest I should break the charm. I saw the sun—and sighed.

(To be continued.)

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

AUG. 28. *INCLE and Yarico* was this evening performed for Johnstone's benefit—in which a lady made her first appearance as *Yarico*. She is sister of Mrs. Biggs, of Drury Lane. Her reception was favourable, for

for her voice possessed a considerable degree of harmony. Her figure also was elegant—and her whole exhibition attracted no small admiration. Her efforts to please were loudly applauded.

August 29. Mr. C. Kemble appeared for the first time in the character of *Shylock*, in the *Merchant of Venice*. The attempt was arduous, but not unsuccessful.

September 3. Mrs. Johnston's first appearance in the character of *Ophelia* attracted a numerous audience. She was received in a very flattering manner, and discovered much sensibility. Her figure is elegant, and her voice sweet and harmonious.

September 14. This theatre closed for the season with the popular play of *False and True*—of which dramatic piece we have in a former number given an account to our readers. On its merits therefore, nothing need now be advanced. At the close of the play was represented the *Children in the Wood*, a piece which, on account of its subject, will always interest the feeling heart. Mr. Barrymore came forward and made the usual acknowledgement on the part of the proprietor and performers. It was received with pleasure. The audience appears to have been satisfied with the efforts which had been made during the summer season for their entertainment. Nor must we conclude our account of the shutting up of this theatre, without recording a circumstance highly honourable to Mr. Coleman's sensibility. The close of the *Haymarket* was an evening the earlier, that it might not interfere with the opening of Drury-Lane, which was devoted to the benefit of the late Mr. Palmer's family.

DRURY-LANE.

Saturday, September 15. Having announced the termination of the season at the *Haymarket*, we turn our eyes with ardent expectation to this superb theatre, which opened this evening with uncommon effect and grandeur.

grandeur. It is the characteristic of life to pass from one scene to another, till *the eventful story of humanity* be ended!

The commencement of the winter season in the London Theatres must infallibly attract attention. On the present occasion it was doubly interesting. Devoted to the interests of the deceased Mr. Palmer's family—every generous heart was forward to present its grateful offering. The lovers of the dramatic muse are not insensible to his merits—nor can they easily forget his affecting exit. They were ambitious to testify their esteem by the extent of their liberality. Such generosity is deserving of the highest commendation.

The house was crowded at an early hour, and hundreds had it not in their power to obtain admission into the pit and boxes. Such an influx was seldom known. Even the lobbies were filled, as on former occasions, when appeals have been made to the humanity of the public.

The drama of the **STRANGER**, which was performed on this occasion, is distinguished for its pathos—but never was its effect more visible on the mind of the spectators. The feeling which the piece itself excites was heightened by the recollection of the mournful occasion on which it was now exhibited. On the evening of Mr. Palmer's death at Liverpool, this very play was represented, and he sustained the principal character. The words of the piece which he uttered when dying were,

—Oh! God! God!

There is another and a better world!!!

When Mr. Kemble therefore came to these words, they were felt throughout the house. It was like an electric shock—agitating their feelings and penetrating their hearts. It was impossible indeed that these expressions should not have been felt. They are to be inscribed on the poor man's tomb!

The exertions of Mr. KEMBLE and of Mrs. SIDDONS were very considerable and impressive. Their talents

talents and virtues could not have been displayed to greater advantage.

The receipts of the house are estimated at *eight hundred pounds*—May it prove beneficial in its utmost extent to the bereaved family.

The chief performers were received on their entrance with the usual plaudits of annual welcome. Such a reception will not, we are persuaded, seduce them into an inglorious indolence. It will rather incite them to increasing activity and exertion. May every nerve be strained for the instruction and improvement of the public. Thus will the evils generally imputed to theatrical exhibitions be in a measure obviated—and the stage rendered subservient to the advancement of the interests of mankind.

COVENT GARDEN.

Monday, September 17. This theatre commenced its career with the play of *Hamlet*, the merits of which are well known to a British public. The muse of our immortal Shakespeare is inexhaustible. In his productions are to be found beauties of every description—and with his enchanting strains the public ear will never be fatigued.

The character of *Ophelia* was sustained by Mrs. JOHNSTON, who now made her first appearance before a winter audience. She acquitted herself well. The general trait of her acting is simplicity, which has charms for every heart. When in offering the box of trinkets, she said, “There, my Lord;” her tone of voice was highly appropriate and replete with expression. Her voice however is weak, but may be improved by careful management.

The *Ghost* was played by Mr. MURRAY, and in a manner which gave considerable satisfaction. The style was superior to the usual exhibition of that character. The characteristic qualities of a ghost are not indeed

indeed easily imitated. The appearances of such aerial beings are ascertained with difficulty. However from their frequent introduction into modern plays, we hope in time to become *well acquainted* with all their ghostly movements and peregrinations.

The reader of Hamlet recollects these words,—“and into the porches of mine ear did pour the leperous distilment.” Mr. Murray, repeating therefore these expressions, applied the end of his truncheon to his ear, and inclined his head to meet it. We question the propriety of this attitude. We are of opinion that this mode of uttering the words does not exactly accord with the advice of—“suiting the action to the word.”

We have now announced the opening of the two grand national theatres for the ensuing winter. It is our purpose to record their progress with fidelity—making it our aim to notice every thing respecting them which may be connected with the instruction and entertainment of our readers. We shall choose, in this our dramatical department—rather to point out beauties than to exaggerate faults. It were easy to sit down and write ill-natured criticisms both on the actors and the performances. But such an invidious task we disclaim. The excellencies of the British stage will be sufficient to occupy our attention. And we have that favourable opinion of our readers to suppose, that such a candid and brief review of the drama, will afford them the greater satisfaction.

VAUXHALL GARDENS

Closed September 3, with a splendid gala. The company, more numerous than fashionable, expressed their regret at the early termination of a season—on the whole very successful. Every considerate mind is indeed ready to express its surprise, when it hears that in the present complaining times, so much attention is paid to places of entertainment.

THE

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,
FOR SEPTEMBER, 1798.

THE INVASION.

WHERE weeping withs in living verdure dy'd,
Their pendant branches lave in Solway's tide,
While myrtles join to grace the mantled flood,
And smiling Nature sleeps in solitude ;
When not a zephyr fann'd the soft retreat,
And not a gleam descry'd the *wanderer's* feet,
When every surging wave was hush'd to rest,
Except the waves of woe within *his* breast ;
A hapless youth, by sorrow thither brought,
To vent his burthen'd soul in silence, sought ;
But stopt ; he wept no friend's departed shade,
No perjur'd shepherd, no inconstant maid ;
His gen'rous heart, tho' pierc'd by fortune's frown,
Bled for his COUNTRY's fate, forgot his own ;
While thus in artless numbers he began :—

“ Ah! once, sweet innocence, how blest was man,
“ When vested with the lustre of thy zone,
“ In cloudless light the pair primæval shone !
“ By thee secur'd from the vindictive host
“ Of heav'n incens'd, and heav'n-born virtue lost !
“ Had but that spotless zone been unprofan'd,
“ Our breasts to woe unknown had still remain'd,
“ Unknown alike, or guilt, or ghastly fear,
“ The throes of anguish, or the trickling tear ;
“ No foreign armies, no clandestine foes,
“ Had then assail'd our sweet serene repose,
“ Britannia then had ne'er been taught to feel
“ The direful loss of her departed weal ;

“ Her sons had never learnt the inhuman art,
“ To wield the reeking spear, or throw the dart,
“ Level’d relentless at a brother’s heart.
“ Then that desponding widow’s darling boy,
“ Once the enchanting source of all her joy,
“ And of her drooping years the only stay,
“ Had ne’er been torn by cruel war away ;
“ Nor while at hostile breasts he aim’d the blow,
“ Transfix’d his mother with the thorn of woe.
“ That foster self, with bands connubial tied
“ In sweetest union to her soldier’s side,
“ Had ne’er been doom’d to see with streaming eyes,
“ When prostrate the expiring victim lies,
“ When drown’d in blood, and rack’d with agonies,
“ Breathles he struggles, drops his sword, and dies.
“ He dies, to leave a wretched offspring here,
“ The guiltless heirs of suff’rings more severe ;
“ What tongue can tell the thorny path to tread,
“ Thro’ dreary deserts craving bitter bread ;
“ Or else dragg’d captive on some foreign shore,
“ To taste the sweets of liberty no more ;
“ Or victims to some haughty potentate,
“ Who thirsts for blood, his fell revenge to sate.
“ Yet though with weeping thousands I lament
“ The train of war ; shall bravery relent ?
“ What, when Old England bleeds, and calls for aid,
“ Shall Englishmen, in sloth supinely laid,
“ Forget their honour, and their birth-right too,
“ Desert their arms, and pierce their country thro’ ?
“ Could we recal our fathers from the skies,
“ Their very shades would curse such cowardice.
“ And can the sons of those brave hearts of oak,
“ Subject their necks beneath vile slavery’s yoke,
“ And tamely yield to the insulting Gaul,
“ Their laws, their lands, their liberty, their all !
“ Surely, methinks, a Briton would disdain
“ To blot his mem’ry with so dark a stain.
“ The patriot breast can every danger brave,
“ And death defy, his native land to save.
“ But if stern Mars our efforts should oppose,
“ And fate unfolds the floodgate to our foes ;

“ If arms, and blood, like mighty torrents burst,
 “ From hell disgorg’d, and sworn to do their worst,
 “ Sweet Innocence a shelter shall afford,
 “ To screen the good man from th’ assassin’s fword,
 “ Or waft his soul from these tumultuous scenes,
 “ To brighter realms where peace for ever reigns.”

Clapham.

R. B.

LINES

WRITTEN BY THE CELEBRATED MARK AKEN-
 SIDE, M. D.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

FROM pompous life’s dull masquerade,
 From pride’s pursuits and passion’s war,
 Far, my *Cordelia*, very far,
 To thee and me may heaven assign
 The silent pleasures of the shade,
 The joys of peace, unenvied tho’ divine.

Safe in the calm embow’ring grove,
 As thy own lovely brow serene,
 Behold the world’s fantastic scene !
 What low pursuits employ the great !
 What tinsel things their wishes move !
 The forms of fashion, and the toys of state.

In vain are all contentment’s charms,
 Her placid mien, her cheerful eye,
 For look, *Cordelia*, how they fly !
 Allur’d by power, applause, or gain,
 They fly her kind protecting arms,
 Oh ! blind to pleasure and in love with pain !

Turn and indulge a fairer view,
 Smile on the joys which here conspire,
 O joys, harmonious as my lyre !
 O prospect of enchanting things !
 As ever flumbersome poet knew,
 When love and fancy wrapt him in her wings.

Here no rude storm of passion blows,
 But sports, and smiles, and virtues play,
 Cheer'd by affection's purest ray ;
 The air still breathes contentment's balm,
 And the clear stream of pleasure flows,
 For ever active, yet for ever calm.

MARK AKENSIDE, JULY 1740.

EMMA's REQUEST.

TELL me, ye wise, who study human kind,
 And trace the secret workings of the mind ;
 Who try by nicest rules of critic art
 The various curious movements of the heart :
 Tell me, why he, whose wide spacious soul,
 Not only takes a part, but grasps the whole
 (In one collected view) of all that's grand—
 Sublime and beautiful—whose ready hand
 Assists the sinking, succours the distrest,
 And gives the care-worn mind the means of rest :
 Who deeply skill'd in wisdom's sacred lore,
 Collects each sweet from all her varied store ;
 Yet, yet, forgets the first great source divine,
 Which gives each lesser orb its power to shine ;
 Scorns sweet Religion—heav'n-descended maid !
 Slights her kind counsels, and rejects her aid ?
 Assign the cause, ye who with judgment true
 Mark men and manners as they rise to view.

Lambeth.

EMMA.

LINES

ON THE SIXTH OF SEPTEMBER.

ALL fated hour, oft as thy annual reign
 Leads on the autumnal tide, my pinion'd joys
 Fade with the glories of the fading year ;
 " Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,"
 And bids affection heave the heart-drawn sigh.

O'er the cold tomb, rich with the spoils of death,
 And wet with many a tributary tear—
 Eight times has each successive season sway'd
 The fruitful sceptre of our milder clime
 Since my lov'd ***** died—but why, ah ! why
 Should melancholy cloud my early years,
 Religion spurns earth's visionary scene,
 Philosophy revolts at mis'ry's chain,
 Just Heaven recall'd its own, the pilgrim call'd
 From human woes, from sorrow's rankling worm—
 Shall frailty then prevail ?

Oh ! be it mine
 To curb the sigh which bursts o'er Heaven's decree,
 To tread the path of rectitude—that when
 Life's dying ray shall glimmer in the frame,
 That latest breath I may in peace resign,
 " Firm in the faith, of seeing thee and God !"

T. GENT.

DISPUTE BETWEEN O AND P.

Every age has something remarkable, by which a curious observer may distinguish it. The present *œra*, for example, is noted for a spirit of scurrility and abuse in *political disputes*, unknown to former ages. Inclosed I send you one, as it literally happened some time ago, between *two* of the *four and twenty* members of a *certain board*, well known in the *republic of letters*; but as I have a due regard, Mr. Editor, both to your safety and my own, I have taken the advice of *counsel*, whether or not I run any risk, by giving this *dispute* to the public, and they were clearly of opinion, that no part of it was *actionable*.

Your very humble servant,

P. Q.

HIGH on a shelf, neglected and forlorn,
 Lay Dictionary, dusty, dogs ear'd, torn,
 Imperfect pages shew'd but half at most,
 P anti O, O anti P, were lost.
 Between these two a great dispute arose :
 (Letters may rise to words if not to blows)

G 3

P urg'd, of Pedigree he was the *first*,
 And Preference demanded as but just :
 Whilst O cry'd—Oh ! all this proceeds from Pride ;
 Admit you are to Paradise allied,
 Yet I in chaos a *fifth* part did hold,
 And in formation I am not untold.
 In all those elements, as fire or air,
 In earth or water, what's your boasted share ?
 And pimping P will out of date be hurl'd,
 Whilst I am found in governing the world.—

Quoth P, your answer like yourself, is *round*,
 And tho' oft multiplied, no *number's* found.—
 I Princes, Pow'rs, and Potentates command,
 Whilſt you 'mongſt figures ſtill for nothing ſtand.—
 I lend my aid to form your Parliaments, i
 Priests, Politicians, Prelates, Presidents,
 To Peace, to Plenty, Poets and Projectors,
 To Philomaths, Physicians, and Protectors.
 Without my aid, no man need look for hope,
 Or fee without me Emperor or Pope,
 But you, I'll prove, upon this very ſpot
 A near relation to an ideot ;
 And tho' you have for ages been in ſchool,
 Yet ſtill 'tis plain, that you are *half* a fool —

Says O to P, I'll prove from what ſhall follow,
 And will submit the caſe to great Apollo,
 That by your tricks I've often been a *loſer*,
 And *other's* places oft usurp'd by you, fir.
 How oft in *Phial*, under F's diſguife,
 In *Phœnix* too, your pilſ'ring talent lies !
 In which laſt word, my very found is loſt,
 And by an E my face's features croſt.—
 Your Pride has almost reach'd the top of ſteeple,
 And 'twixt two P's, has rifled me in People ;
 But ſpite of all your tricks, I make you ſtop,
 And ever was *before you in the top**.
 You boast of Princes, Power, and *Opinion*,
 With many more, but yet you've no Dominion :

* This phrase being borrowed from the navy, will only be understood by ſeamen, or lords of the admiralty.

With Pope and Priest, whatever's your Pretence,
You've nought to do with learning, taste, or sense.

The feud grew high, the youthful god*
Commanded silence by a nod ;
For he had heard their plea at large,
And thus drew up this special charge.

When great *Minerva* gave you birth,
And lent you to the sons of earth,
Ye then were made of equal fame,
And both alike partake *my* name.
In Property you've both been friends,
In Poetry and Prose join'd hands ;
From each to other you're in debt,
And so all thro' the alphabet.
Dispute no more, but quickly go
And cool your heats in river PO.

— LINES —

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES,
AND OCCASIONED BY A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO
A GENTLEMAN,

INSERTED IN THE LAST MONTH'S VISITOR.

LADES, behold a volunteer
Undaunted in your cause appear !
Then deem them not intrusive lays,
That warble sweetly in your praise ;
For with your champion, bold R. A.
Impulsive justice bids me say,
Those words are scandal that complain,
" You husbands so much wish to gain ;"
Or that, at least, so plain you show it,
Since you so seldom let us know it.
Then I'll defensive intervene,
And shield you from the railer's spleen.

When we review this earthly ball,
We find dame Nature reigns o'er all :

* Apollo.

Then say, can ladies e'er commit
A fault, who to her laws submit.
Is there a stoic that complains—
If your warm blood, thro' azure veins,
Not slow in gelid currents glides,
But rushes in impetuous tides ;
When you, in public, ne'er are found
“ Your voices loudly to resound
“ For husbands :” such a wish, the fair
But mutter in a secret pray'r ;
* For tho' they can't well do without them,
They seldom say too much about them.

Should thro' the ball-room e'er advance
A youth, conspicuous in the dance,
Adorn'd with every soft attraction,
While grace attends each pretty action ;
Tho' transports in your bosoms glow,
Kind looks on him you ne'er bestow ;
From him your downcast eyes you keep,
Unless you thro' your fan-sticks peep.
See the sweet nymph of gay fifteen,
Whose charms in ev'ry place are seen ;
She thinks a thousand hearts should bleed,
And youths enamoured seek to lead
Her, raptur'd, on to nuptial joys,
And every coquet art employs.
Should she with disappointment languish,
She smooths the ruffled brow of anguish ;
In public, smiles adorn her features,
She rails, and says, “ the cruel creatures,
“ With faithless vows will oft decoy
“ The filly maid to transient joy,
“ That fleeting leaves behind its sting.
“ She hates the very name of wife,”
And boasts the joys of single life.
Tho', when alone, the pretty dear
Full oft will drop a mournful tear.

When a bold youth, delighted, sips
Hyblean sweets from ladies lips,
Tho' at each touch their hearts will jump,
High beating a responsive thump,

No pleasures glisten in their eyes,
But in their orbs forg'd lightnings rise;
Enraptur'd, each, resentful flies out—
“ You fauzy wretch, I'll tear your eyes out.”
Should e'er a hapless maiden prove
The pining cares of secret love,
The pious nymph, in pray'r, will kneel
That kindred pangs her swain may feel;
But when to Cupid's yoke he bows,
And at her feet pours forth his vows,
Starting at such a grofs offence,
She frowns on his impertinence;
Deaf to his sighs, th' obdurate fair
Consigns him o'er to black despair.
But sorrow will to suicide goad,
He swears he'll fly life's wretched load,
Since there are many handy ways
To end an hopeless lover's days,
A pistol, penknife, or a rope;
Melting at which, she bids him hope;
“ Fain would she lead a vestal life,
“ But if she *must* become a wife,
“ But to arrest his fleeting breath;
“ Lo! can she cause a lover's death?
“ Such murder is her great aversion :”
And true, no doubt, is her assertion.

Ye fair, “ I've finished my design,
“ And told the truth in ev'ry line,”
And trust, beyond a cavil prov'd,
Tho' ladies love, or are belov'd,
They to mankind may bid defiance,
To boast of an *undue* compliance;
For tho', perhaps, they may adore them,
They still attend to just decorum.

Your humble servant,

J. J. PEAT.

ON LOVE.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF TWO YOUNG MEN,
BY A LADY.

SAGES ask what is love ! Why a non-descript thing,
That alike kills or blesses the beggar or king ;
'Tis a whim, a caprice, or a plague everlasting,
That cannot be cur'd by pray'rs, crying, or fasting ;
It bewilders the mind, and enraptures the soul,
Forming visions of bliss and disdaining controul ;
It grasps cities and kingdoms, nay, worlds in its hold,
For a moment of joy yielding sorrow tenfold ;
Then beware, silly hearts, for its fraught with deceit,
Its endearments are transient, with folly replete ;
'Tis inconstant, extorting, yet never content,
In jealous reproaches its ardor is spent ;
And if confidence banish this bane to all joy,
Its lukewarm caresses are certain to cloy ;
But should friendship cement the soft bondage of love,
Should virtue and kindness each moment improve ;
'Tis the charm of existence, the pride of our days,
No language can speak its invaluable praise ;
Affection like this, ev'ry torment will brave,
And descend unalloy'd to the peace-bearing grave !

London, August 18, 1798.

H. F.

RURAL FELICITY :

OR,

THE CONTENTED HUSBANDMAN.

(BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF FOURTEEN.)

FAST by the summit of yon rising hill
(Where the sweet birds chaunt their melodious lay)
In a small cottage would I live content ;
For fields of blood that dignify the soldier
Hath no charms for me. Nor balls, nor routs,
Nor plays that please the man of fashon ;
But those soft joys that tend to health and peace.

Soon as bright Phœbus mounts his fiery car
(While sluggards sleep) I'd to my farm repair,
And *there* fulfil the duties of the day ;
Then homeward plod my weary steps to rest,
And reap those joys which wait on industry :
Gladly securing to my children ease,
When ciuel death removes their fire away.

Charlton.

A. W.

SONNET TO LIFE.

AS when the ruddy morn with orient beam
First paints the earth, so fair the world is gloss'd
To youthful fancy ; but soon the glittering gleam
Expires, and life by care and strife is crost'd.

The world's a sea, and life a restless dream,
Mankind but waves by winds impulsion'd tost ;
A moment borne on Time's restleſs stream,
They sink, and in the gulph of death are lost.

But meteor-like, though bliss from mortals fly,
And doubts and disappointments intervene ;
Still the fond wish enchant's the mental eye,
Still hope exists, and gilds the future scene :
For hope eternal—time cannot destroy,
This soothes the mind as fades each fleeting joy.

M.

TO ANNA.

NO more the scene's empurpled o'er
With winter's unrelenting breath ;
Nor direful gloom from shore to shore,
Sits brooding on the face of death.
Serenely from the eastern skies,
The smiles of rosy morning break ;
With orient dimm'd, the raptur'd eyes
Yield many a charm they fondly seek.

Now, gentle maid, in yonder cot,
 Whose roof peeps o'er the mountains side,
 Partake the sweets in humble lot,
 Affords the swain of simple pride.
 Around us, *May*, with nurt'ring hand,
 Shall rear the rose and flow'ret blue ;
 Soft foliage waving o'er our land,
 Still more enrich the chequer'd view.

And sweetly from the sylvan cell,
 Shall echo many a virgin's strain :
 And eve's mild goddes softly tell,
 What sports rejoice the neighb'ring plain.
 On autumn's bosom, oft reclin'd,
 We'll view the starry trains of night :
 And each, with calm contented mind,
 Trudge homeward by their radiant light.

Beneath the wings of sweet repose,
 'Till morn, in gentle slumbers rest ;
 And when light's feeble shades disclose
 The orient sky's transparent breast ;
 To hail the lambkins tender bleat,
 That trembles from the tinkling fold,
 And the lark's song, divinely sweet,
 Will loose the chains of their soft hold.

Fleet time shall wing improv'd away,
 And every hour fresh joys impart ;
 Though youth's fair blossoms feel decay,
 Yet love shall warm our aged heart.
 Then, vestal maiden ! soothe the breast
 A fondest love devotes to thee ;
 And, in the bands of Hymén blest,
 The joys of realms shall yield to thee.

Manchester, 1798.

RINALDO.

Literary

Literary Review.

The Life of Edmund Burke, comprehending an Impartial Account of his Literary and Political Efforts, and a Sketch of the Conduct and Character of his most eminent Associates, Coadjutors, and Opponents. By Robert Bisset, L. L. D. Richardson. Price 9s.

THE name of BURKE hath attained to an extent of celebrity that can receive no augment by our encomiums. We are nevertheless proud to offer our tribute of applause. Whatever opinion may be formed of his politics, his genius commands admiration. The comprehension of his mind, the resources of his knowledge, and the exquisite delicacy of his taste, are visible in all his writings. Concerning such a man, therefore, too much cannot be advanced. The eye of curiosity explores every department of his life. We wish to trace him from his cradle to his grave. We long to be informed what spot gave him birth, in what school he was educated, and where his remains were interred. Having satiated our curiosity by an enquiry into these particulars, we again turn our attention to his writings, and peruse them with fresh delight.

The Public are now in possession of *two* Lives of Edmund Burke, the one by Dr. McCormick, and the other by Dr. Bisset. The pens of these Gentlemen have delineated the political character of their hero in very different colours. With this circumstance, however, we are not concerned. We only apprise the public of the fact. Dr. McCormick holds him up as a political apostate, whereas Dr. Bisset represents him as

having wisely accommodated himself to the exigency of the times. In point of composition, the former production is spirited ; the latter of a less sprightly turn, yet more elaborate in the account of his deceased friend.

The life of Burke is closely interwoven with his political history, which our present Biographer hath amply detailed. From the period when he entered on his public career to the time of his quitting it, a circumstantial and not uninteresting detail is given of the concomitant events.

Having given in a former Volume of our *Miscellany* memoirs of Mr. Burke, we refer our Readers to that biographical sketch for information. Dr. Bisset has added very few anecdotes respecting him which were not already known. His character, however, is amply investigated, but the portrait is evidently delineated by the hand of a friend. We are willing to allow all due praise both to the talents and virtues of this eminent politician. But against that intemperate warmth, which characterises his later productions, we enter a solemn protest. There is, indeed, a certain irritability attached to genius, which oftentimes lessens its amiableness, and diminishes the efficacy of its exertions.

We are happy to find Mr. Burke so amiable in private life. Here the human character most thoroughly unfolds itself. In the domestic sphere there are a train of modest virtues which, unlike the glare of a meteor, shine upon us with a mild and steady effulgence.

The following account of Mr. Burke's last illness and death will please the Reader, and afford a specimen of the style in which this work is written :—

“ His health, from the beginning of June, rapidly declined ; but his body only, not his mind was affected. His understanding operated with undiminished force and uncontracted range : his dispositions retained their sweetness and amiableness. He continued regularly and strenuously to perform

form the duties of religion and benevolence: his concern for the happiness of his friends and the welfare of mankind was equally vivid. His goodness even extended to uneasiness on account of the fatigue and trouble of attending his sick-bed, occasioned to the inmates of his house. When his favourite domestics, confidential friends, and nearest connections, were eager to bestow the nightly attendance of nurses, he solicitously importuned them not to deprive themselves of rest. Although his body was in a state of constant and perceptible decay, yet was it without pain. The lamp of life was consuming fast, but was not violently extinguished. The week in which he died he conversed with literary and political friends, on various subjects of knowledge, and especially on the awful posture of affairs. He repeatedly requested their forgiveness, if ever he had offended them, and conjured them to make the same request in his name to those of his friends that were absent. Friday, July the 7th, he spent the morning in a recapitulation of the most important acts of his life, the circumstances in which he acted, and the motives by which he was prompted; shewed that his comprehensive mind retained the whole series of public affairs, and discussed his own conduct in the arduous situations he had to encounter. Dwelling particularly on the French revolution, and on the separation from admired friends which it had occasioned, he spoke with pleasure of the conscious rectitude of his intentions; and intreated that, if any unguarded asperity of his had offended them, to believe that no offence was meant. He expressed his forgiveness of all who had, either on that subject or for any other cause endeavoured to injure him. The evening he spent in less agitating conversation, and in listening to the essays of Addison, his favourite author. The next morning, after some time spent in devotion, and after bearing a most pathetic and impressive testimony to the excellent conduct of his wife in situations of difficulty and distress, as well as through the whole course of their relation, he fell into a slumber; and when he awoke, being very placid and composed, again desired to hear some of the elegant essays of the Christian moralist. The last subjects of his literary attention were the **IN-CULCATIONS OF PRACTICAL WISDOM, GUIDING TO TEMPORAL AND ETERNAL HAPPINESS.** He frequently had, during his last illness, declared, what his intimates knew well

before, his thorough belief of the Christian religion, his veneration for true Christians of all persuasions; but his own preference of the articles of the church of England. In that mode of faith he was educated, and that he preserved through life. His end was suited to the simple greatness of mind which he displayed through life, every way unaffected, without levity, without ostentation, full of natural grace and dignity. He appeared neither to wish nor to dread, but patiently and placidly to await, the appointed hour of his dissolution. He had conversed for some time, with his usual force of thought and expression, on the gloomy state of his country, for the welfare of which his heart was interested to the last beat. His young friend, Mr. Nagle, coming to his bed side, after much interesting and tender conversation, he expressed a desire to be carried to another apartment. Mr. Nagle, with the assistance of servants, was complying with his request, when Mr. Burke faintly uttering, "God bless you!" fell back, and breathed his last, Saturday, July 8th, 1797, in the sixty-eighth year of his age."

A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Landaff, in June, 1778. By R. Watson, D.D. F. R. S. Bishop of Landaff. London. Faulder.

SINCE our memoirs of the Bishop of Landaff were committed to the press, a Correspondent has obligingly transmitted us this fresh piece for our Review. We are obliged to him for his attention to the interests of our Miscellany.

His Lordship informs us, that "this Charge may be considered as in some respects a supplement to his late Address to the People of Great Britain, though it was not written with any view to its publication." Apprised of this circumstance, it is natural to expect the same patriotic train of sentiment and the same energy of expression. In this expectation the Reader will not be disappointed. It certainly abounds with those eloquent passages for which the writings of this prelate are distinguished.

We

We shall transcribe that portion of the Charge which more immediately relates to the present alarming state of Britain. Our Readers will be anxious to know, in a still further degree, the sentiments of a writer, who, on this subject has already excited such general attention.

Having expressed a wish that a reform in parliament (however necessary and excellent) should be deferred to some future period, his Lordship thus proceeds :

“ What are these rights of men, this liberty, this equality, of which every man has heard so much, and of which few have any proper conception?—Let us see what they are in France itself.—There no man has any right in his person, or in his property; both are absolutely at the disposal of the few persons who have usurped the government—There no man has any liberty, except the liberty of submitting to the worst of slavery; for what slavery can be worse than that of being subject to laws which are perpetually changed, according to the caprice of the ruling faction?—*Ubi jus incertum ibi jus nullum.*—As to equality, if by it be meant an equality of property or condition, there is no such thing in France; nor was there ever such a thing in any country since the world began. The scripture speaks of *Pharaoh* and his *princes* in the time of *Abraham*, when he was forced by a famine to go down to Egypt, about four hundred and thirty years after the flood. *Abraham* himself had, at that period, men-servants and maid-servants, and was very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold. He and *Lot* had herd-men and servants of various kinds; and they every where met with kings, who had subjects and soldiers. The inequality of property and condition, which some silly or bad people are so fond of declaiming against, existed in the very infancy of the world, and must, from the nature of things, exist to the end of it.

“ Suppose a ship to be wrecked on an uninhabited island, and that all the officers perished, but that the common men and their wives were saved; here, if any where, we may meet with liberty, and equality, and the rights of man—what think you would be the consequence?—A state of anarchy and equality might, perhaps, subsist for a day; but wisdom, courage, industry, economy, would presently intro-

duce a superiority of some over others ; and, in order that each man might preserve for himself the cabin he had built, the ground he had tilled, or the fish he had taken, all would agree in the propriety of appointing some one amongst the number, or more than one, to direct, govern, and protect the whole by the common strength. Thus the restriction of liberty, and the destruction of equality, and all the circumstances which superficial reasoners represent as grievances in society, and subversive of the rights of man, would of necessity be introduced. No one would be left at liberty to invade his neighbour's property ; some would by skill and activity become rich, and they would be allowed to bequeath at their death their wealth to their children ; others would by idleness and debauchery remain poor ; and, having nothing to leave to their children, these, when grown up, would be under the necessity of maintaining themselves by working for their neighbours, till, by prudence and thrift, they acquired enough to purchase property of their own, on which they might employ their labour. This is no visionary reasoning ; we have an instance of its reality in the colony at Botany Bay. The persons composing this colony, who by their crimes were made the outcasts of Great Britain, and were equal to each other, none of them possessing any thing, are already become very unequal in property and condition ; and I am happy to add, in respectability of character. It is a general law, which God has established throughout the world, that riches and respect should attend prudence and diligence ; and, as all men are not equal in the faculties of either body or mind, by which riches and respect are acquired, a necessity of superiority and subordination springs from the very nature which God has given us. All this I am sensible is so well understood by you, that I would not have mentioned the matter had there not been present other auditors, who may not have fully considered the origin, relations, and dependencies of civil society.

“ Are the French coming hither to enrich the nation ? Will they pay attention to the poor of this country, when they have so many thousands of infinitely poorer persons in their own ? Will they reward their seditious adherents amongst us ? Yes, they will reward them, as all history informs us such traitors ever have been rewarded—they will reward them with contempt, pillage, beggary, slavery, and death. The nation will

will be ruined by exorbitant impositions,—our naval power will be destroyed,—our commerce transferred to France,—our lands will be divided (not amongst those who wickedly covet their neighbour's goods), but amongst French soldiers, who will be every where stationed, as the Roman soldiers were of old, to awe the people, and collect the taxes,—the flower of our youth will be compelled to serve in foreign countries, to promote the wicked projects of French ambition,—Great Britain will be made an appendage to continental despotism.

“ I would say to the most violent democrat in the kingdom,—suppose the business done: after seas of blood have been shed, millions of lives lost, towns plundered, villages burned, the Royal family exterminated, and unutterable calamity had been endured by persons of all ranks;—after all this has been done, what advantages will you have obtained beyond what you now possess? Will your property be better protected? Will your personal liberty be more respected? Will our code of jurisprudence be improved? Will our laws be more impartially administered? Quite the contrary of all this now takes place in France. I do not say that when things are settled there, the present wretched condition of its inhabitants will be continued, and I hope it will not; but I am sincerely of opinion that few of us will live to see such a system established in France, as will procure to its inhabitants half the blessings which our ancestors have enjoyed, which we do enjoy, and which it is our interest to take care that our posterity shall enjoy, under the constitution of Great Britain.”

In our memoirs of the Bishop of Landaff we forgot to mention among his writings, his *Charge to the Clergy of Ely*, and his *Address to Young People after Confirmation*. Both these pieces may be read with considerable improvement.

Joan of Arc, by Robert Southey. Second Edition. 2 Vols. 12s. in Boards. Longman, Cottle, Bristol.

THE story of Joan of Arc, commonly called the *Maid of Orleans*, Mr. Southey has thrown, with dexterity, into excellent blank verse. Animated with the lofty

lofty spirit of freedom, he recommends the same spirit to his readers, decorated with the charms of genuine poetry.

The chief improvement of this edition seems to consist in the exclusion of miraculous incidents. The tale is thus reduced within the ordinary boundaries of probability. But some imagine that hereby the merit of the poem is not enhanced. For extraordinary events, particularly those of a supernatural origin, often contribute in an eminent degree to its fire and energy.

With this beautiful poem the Public are in general well acquainted. We shall therefore conclude with only one short extract with which it closes, describing the coronation of CHARLES at Rheims:—

..... The mission'd maid
Then plac'd on Charles's brow the crown of France,
And back retiring gazed upon the king,
One moment quickly scanning all the paſt,
Till in a tumult of wild wonderment
She wept aloud. The assembled multitude
In awful stillness witnessed: Then at once,
As with a tempest rushing-noise of winds,
Lifted their mingled clamours. Now the maid
Stood as prepared to speak, and wav'd her hand,
And instant silence followed:

“ King of France !”
She cried, “ At Chernon when my gifted eye
Knew thee disguised, what inwardly the spirit
Prompted I spake; armed with the fword of God,
To drive from Orleans far the English wolves,
And crown thee in the rescued walls of Rheims.
ALL is accomplished. I have here this day
Fulſill'd my mission, and anointed thee
Chief servant of the people. Of this charge
Or well perform'd, or wickedly, high Heav'n
Shall take account. If that thine heart be good,
I know no limit to the happiness
Thou mayſt create. I do beſeech thee, King !”
The maid exclaim'd, and fell upon the ground,

And

And clasp'd his knees, " I do beseech thee, King !
 By all the millions that depend on thee
 For weal or woe, consider what thou art,
 And know thy duty ! If thou dost oppress
 Thy people, if to aggrandise thyself,
 Thou tear'st them from their homes, and send'st them
 To slaughter, prodigal of misery !
 If when the widow and the orphan groan
 In want and wretchedness, thou turn'st thee
 To hear the music of the flatterer's tongue ;
 If when thou hear'st of thousands massacred,
 Thou sayest :—" I am a king ! and fit it is
 That these should perish for me." If thy realm
 Should, thro' the counsels of thy government,
 Be fill'd with woe, and in thy streets be heard
 The voice of mourning, and the feeble cry
 Of asking hunger ; if at such a time
 Thou dost behold thy plenty-cover'd board,
 And shroud thee in thy robes of royalty,
 And say, that all is well.—Oh, gracious God !
 Be merciful to such a monstrous man,
 When the spirits of the murdered innocent
 Cry at thy throne for justice !

King of France !

Protect the lowly, feed the hungry ones,
 And be the orphan's father ! thus shalt thou
 Become the representative of Heaven,
 And gratitude and love establish thus
 Thy reign. Believe me, king ! that hireling guards,
 Tho' flesh'd in slaughter, would be weak to save
 A tyrant on the blood-cemented throne
 That totters underneath him."

Thus the maid

Redeem'd her country. Ever may the ALL-JUST
 Give to the arms of **FREEDOM** such success.

A portrait of the Maid of Orleans is prefixed to the work. The figure has too much the appearance of youth, though the countenance is expressive of that *heroism* for which she was so eminently distinguished.

History of Great Britain, from the Revolution to the Accession of the House of Hanover. By W. Belsham. 2 Vols. Robinsions.

OUR Author's historic talents are well known. His former works have met with a considerable portion of public applause. There is an ease in his style, a perspicuity in the arrangement of facts, and a pertinency in his observations, which ensure the approbation of the Reader. We do not, indeed, acquiesce in every statement which he has given of public affairs. But, in general, we discern an impartiality which does honour to his understanding.

The present work bears the same marks of fidelity and industry by which his other works are distinguished. A firm and unshaken friend to the Revolution of 1688, he places in a pleasing light many of the principal circumstances by which that important event was attended. The previous tyranny of the Stuarts is well depicted, and the deliverance which the nation then experienced is recorded with a heart-felt satisfaction.

The events which occurred during the period of this history, are tolerably well known to persons acquainted with the history of this country. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a most unfortunate circumstance in the reign of William, which has been a grief to his friends, and a matter of triumph to his foes. This is the massacre of Glencoe. Horrible, indeed, is the tale! melancholy the reflections. Mr. Belsham gives an account of this affair in a way which tends to William's exculpation. We shall here insert it, for while it affords a specimen of the Author's style, it throws some light on a very interesting part of the British history:

“ At this period a very unfortunate event took place, tending to throw a great odium upon the government of the King, already sufficiently unpopular. The Earl of Breadalbane, one of those noblemen who had been concerned in the late plot and received his pardon, in order to conciliate the favour of the

Court,

Court, formed a scheme of quieting the Highlanders, and ensuring their submission, by distributing large sums of money among their chiefs: and 15,000l. were remitted from England for this purpose. By the connivance of Government he informed the Highlanders, who were not unacquainted with his zeal in the same cause, that the best service they could do King James was to lie quiet, and to reserve themselves to a more favourable time; and in the mean while they were justified in taking the oaths, and sharing the money he had received for the purpose among them. Many of the Highland chieftains were persuaded by his arguments to a compliance; but others were obstinate, or made such extravagant demands that Lord Breadalbane found his scheme with regard to them impracticable. The most refractory of these rebel chieftains was M'Donald of Glencoe, between whom and Breadalbane a cause of private animosity subsisted, originating, as it is said, from an ancient feud between the families. During the course of hostilities, M'Donald had plundered the lands of Breadalbane; and this nobleman insisted upon being indemnified for his losses, from M'Donald's share of the money now to be distributed. This M'Donald not only absolutely refused, but was successfully assiduous in influencing others to reject the offers made to them. He also communicated to the Duke of Hamilton, and other enemies of Lord Breadalbane, the dangerous secret of this nobleman's being still avowedly attached to the interests of the dethroned monarch. Breadalbane, exasperated at this conduct, by an act, not of sudden passion, but of cool and deliberate revenge, devoted the chieftain and his clan to utter destruction. King William had by proclamation offered an indemnity to all the Highlanders who had been in arms against him, provided they would submit and take the oaths by a certain day. The day had been twice or thrice prolonged; and it was at last carried to the close of the present year, with a positive denunciation of proceeding to military execution against such as should hold out beyond the end of December 1691. All were so terrified that they came in; and even M'Donald himself, no less intimidated, though somewhat more tardy than the rest, went to the Governor of Fort William on the last of December, and offered to take the oaths: but he being only a military man could not legally tender them, and M'Donald set out immediately for Inverary, the county

county town of Argyle. Though the ground was covered with snow, and the weather intensely cold, he reached Inveray in a very few days, or, according to some accounts, within a single day, after the term prescribed by the proclamation had elapsed. Sir Colin Campbell, sheriff of the county, being informed of the circumstances of the case, administered the oaths to him and his adherents, and they returned in peace and full confidence of security to their own habitations in the valley of Glencoe. Before this happened, the Earl of Breadalbane had repaired to London, and made his report to the King of the diligence with which he had endeavoured to effect the service entrusted to him, and to return that part of the money which he had not disposed of. He embraced the opportunity of representing M'Donald to the King as the chief person who had defeated the good design—as an incorrigible rebel—as a ruffian inured to blood and rapine, who would never be obedient to the laws of his country, nor live peaceably under any sovereign. He observed, that he had paid no regard to the royal proclamation: and, at once to gratify his own revenge, and, as there is great reason to believe, to make the King odious to the Highland tribes, he proposed that orders should be sent for a military execution on the men of Glencoe. This representation was strongly enforced, from causes which do not so distinctly appear, on the part of Secretary Stair. It is indeed said, that the clan of Glencoe had distinguished itself by its cruelties in the late reigns of the Conventiclers; and it is known that Dalrymple was a fierce and bigoted presbyterian. Of the degree of malignity which possessed his mind some notion may be formed from the tenor of his dispatch to Lord Breadalbane, dated at so early a period as December 3, 1691, in which he says, “By the next I expect to hear either these people are come to hand, or else your scheme for mauling them—for it will not delay.—Menzie, Glengary and all of them, have written letters, and taken pains to make it believed that all you did was for the interest of King James—therefore look on, and you shall be satisfied of your REVENGE.” Shortly after the expiration of the term to which the Proclamation of Grace was limited, a paper of instructions was drawn by the Secretary, and addressed to Colonel Levingstone, Commander of the forces in Scotland, specifying, “that such as had not taken the oaths by the time limited, should be excluded the benefit of

the indemnity—and that they be destroyed by fire and sword” With this express mitigation nevertheless, in the 4th article, “ that the rebels may not think themselves desperate, we allow you to give terms and quarters: but in this manner only; that chieftains and heritors, or leaders, be prisoners of war, their lives only safe, and all other things in mercy—and the community, taking the oath of allegiance, &c. are to have quarters and indemnity for their lives and fortunes; and to be protected from the soldiers.” By an extraordinary singularity, showing very artful contrivance, this instrument, dated Jan. 11, 1692, was both signed and counter-signed by the King. This order, however, not being deemed sufficiently full and explicit, a paper of additional instructions was prepared by Secretary Stair, who, with the same wary caution, procured it to be, as before, super-signed and counter-signed by the King; in which, after giving directions for receiving the submission of those who had made application for mercy, it is in words most fatally memorable said: “ If the tribe of Glencoe can well be separated from the rest, it will be a proper vindication of public justice to extirpate that *sect* of thieves.”—Bishop Burnet expressly affirms, “ that the king signed this paper, as his custom too often was, in a hurry, without examining into the import of it:” but, without laying any great stress upon this assertion, it may easily be conceived that the matter might be represented to him in such false colours as to persuade him of the necessity of one example of great severity, to ensure the permanent peace of the country.

“ Having thus obtained the King’s warrant for what Breadalbane and the Master of Stair appear to have pre-concerted and pre-determined, it was not long suffered to remain dormant. In a letter to the Commander in chief Levingstone, dated January the 11th, 1692, the Secretary says: Just now my Lord Argyle tells me, that Glencoe hath not taken the oath; at which I **REJOICE**. It is a great work of charity to be exact in rooting out that *damnable sect*, the worst of the Highlanders. The winter is the only season in which we are sure the Highlanders cannot escape us.” In his dispatch of the 16th of January 1692, accompanying the additional instructions, he writes, after some mention made of the royal mercy, “ But for a just example of vengeance, I entreat the thieving tribe of Glencoe be rooted out to purpose.” And in

his letter to Colonel Hill, Governor of Fort William, Jan. 30, he directs, "Pray, when the thing concerning Glencoe is resolved, let it be secret and sudden. Better not meddle with them, than not to purpose." In another dispatch to Levingstone, he says: I assure you, that your power shall be full enough; and I hope the soldiers will not trouble the Government with prisoners." The execution of this bloody commission was committed to a Captain Campbell, of Glenlyon, who, at the head of a corps of soldiers, was sent in the month of February, 1692, to take up their quarters in the valley, remaining, as it appears, fifteen days—the commander professing the most amicable intentions; and he and his men being received with the rude but kind hospitality of the country. On the evening before the massacre, Campbell passed some hours in social converse and amusement at M'Donald's house: but, certain circumstances occasioned suspicion in the minds of the two sons of M'Donald, they went out to make discoveries, and, to their amazement, found eight or ten sentinels on the spot where only one used to be posted. The discourse among them was, "that they liked not the work; though they would willingly have fought the men of the Glen, they held it base to murder them." Upon hastening back to apprise their father of the impending danger, they found the mansion already surrounded—heard the discharge of musquets, and the shrieks and clamours of those within; and, being unarmed, fled for their lives, and had the good fortune to effect their escape.

"Rushing to his chamber, the assassins had shot through the head the elder M'Donald, who fell lifeless into the arms of his wife. The Laird of Auchintriken, M' Donald's guest, who had submitted to the Government three months before, and had then Colonel Hill's protection in his pocket, met the same fate. A boy of eight years of age was stabbed to the heart in the act of imploring mercy. In this manner 38 persons were inhumanly butchered; most of them in their beds—helpless and unresisting. The order extended to all the males in the valley under the age of 70, amounting to about 200: but the parties which were to co-operate with Campbell, whether by chance, or, as is more probable, by design, did not arrive in time to secure the passes of the Glen, so that 160 escaped. After perpetrating this horrid deed, they set the houses on fire and drove off the cattle; leaving the women and children of

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the Glen exposed to the storms of that inclement clime and season, naked and forlorn, without food or shelter, in the midst of the snow that covered the mountains on every side, at the distance of six miles from the nearest habitation. And they are said to have perished for the most part in the waste before they could receive the least comfort or assistance; Lady M'Donald in particular, wife of the chieftain, a woman venerable for her years and condition, expiring in a phrenzy of grief and horror.

“ This execrable deed, performed under the immediate sanction of the King’s authority, excited the amazement and indignation of all whose minds were susceptible of the feelings of humanity. The King himself, moved with just resentment at the imposition practised upon him, dismissed the Master of Stair from his service; and caused a commission to be passed under the Great Seal of Scotland for a *pre-cognition* in that matter, which is a usual mode in that kingdom of investigating crimes previous to bringing the criminals to a regular trial.—This terrible example of vengeance inflicted on the men of Glencoe, effectually prevented indeed any future insurrection, or seditious disturbance; but inspired the Highlanders with an implacable animosity against the King’s person and government.”

We were the more anxious in bringing forward the above favourable statement of this unhappy affair, since whatever imperfections may attach to the character of WILLIAM, he certainly was the deliverer of an oppressed nation! This is also an age, in which it is not necessary to throw any additional odium on the characters of monarchs. But even *Republican* governors are not immaculate, of which, at this moment, we have a woeful proof. Enemies to the *vices* of every party, we are intent alone on promoting the welfare and happiness of mankind.

An Essay on the Education of Youth. By John Evans, A. M. Author of the Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World, together with its Sequel, and Master of a Seminary for Ten Pupils, Hoxton-square, is. Symonds.

OUR Readers are already acquainted with the very useful contents of this Essay, for it appeared a few months ago in a Number of our Miscellany. Mr. Evans, however, has here added several paragraphs illustrative of the importance of Education. The principal of these additions shall be transcribed, for a proper course of instruction is of inconceivable utility to the rising generation.

“ During a course of education, the utmost attention should be paid to a love of truth—to habits of cleanliness, and to a general economy in the management of temporal affairs. These articles of conduct are of vast importance—and of their utility every intelligent parent must be sensible. Beside our moral obligations to cultivate a love of truth, it is absolutely necessary, in order to secure any degree of respectability among mankind. With cleanliness, health is concerned, nor is it thought to be wholly unallied to purity of mind. An economy equally remote from the meanness of avarice, and the thoughtlessness of prodigality, is attended with the most beneficial consequences. It enlarges the power of doing good. It widens our sphere of usefulness. He who is betimes habituated to a judicious economy, will be enabled to gratify himself with a larger range of comforts, and to relieve with a more plentiful hand the distresses of his fellow-creatures.

“ Nor from the catalogue of moral virtues, more peculiarly incumbent on youth—should early-rising be excluded. This commendable practice extends the means of improvement, by affording us an ampler space of time for the acquisition of knowledge, and for the regulation of the heart. By its salutary influence also, the human frame is invigorated. The genial air of the morning braces the nerves, exhilarates the spirits, and is in every respect promotive of health.—But the chief recommendation of early rising to a student should be the extension

tension of his time, which he may dedicate to the improvement of his understanding. To the value of this article, wise and good men have always borne a decided testimony. "The great rule of moral conduct, Lavater said, in his opinion, was, next to God, *to respect time*. Time he considered as the most valuable of human treasures, and any waste of it, as in the highest degree immoral. He rises every morning at the hour of five; and though it would be agreeable to him to breakfast immediately after rising, makes it an invariable rule to *earn* that repast by some previous labour; so that if by accident the rest of the day is spent to no useful purpose, some portion of it may at least be secured beyond the interruptions of chance*." Dr. Doddridge also remarks, in a note to his *Family Expositor*—"I will here record an observation which I have found of great use to myself, and to which I may say that the production of this work, and most of my other writings, is owing, *viz.* that the difference between rising at five and at seven o'clock in the morning, for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to a man's life."

"A love of truth—habits of cleanliness—general economy in the management of our temporal affairs—and the practice of early rising, are of inconceivable utility. To the cultivation of them youth should be carefully inured. The seeds of these virtues, sown in the breasts at an early period—may shoot up and produce an abundant harvest."

"On the youthful mind a spirit of industry also with respect to every occupation in which we are engaged, should be sacredly inculcated. *The hand of the diligent maketh rich*—and daily experience sanctions the truth of this aphorism. On the contrary, indolence brings along with it innumerable evils. It debilitates the powers of the mind—renders the individual a burden to himself—and plunges its unhappy victim into the abyss of wretchedness and poverty!"

Be-stir and answer your creation's end.

Think we that man with vigorous power endow'd,
And room to stretch, was destined to sit still?
Sluggards are Nature's rebels—slight her laws,
Nor live up to the terms on which they hold
Their vital lease. Laborious terms and hard;

* Miss Williams's Letters from Switzerland.

But such the tenure of our earthly state !
 Riches and fame are INDUSTRY's reward ;
 The nimble runner courses Fortune down,
 And then he banquets, for she feeds the bold.

“ On most of the topics of education here enumerated, popular productions have been mentioned to which the pupil is referred. But it must be understood that a competent teacher will extract from every performance that which suits the capacity of the learner—and this will prepare his pupil for its entire digestion. Pioneers are necessary in literature, as in military affairs, to smooth the asperities of the way, and accelerate a progress towards the assigned place of destination.

“ Throughout the whole course, a select library should be, under certain regulations, accessible to the pupil. Composed of suitable productions, and pointed out in the order in which they ought to be either consulted or perused—the young mind is gradually enriched with the stores of knowledge. Early habits of reading, beside the invigoration of the intellect, fortify the soul against temptation, and awaken the best feelings of the heart. “ I would not (said the late Edward Gibbon) exchange my *early love* of reading for the treasures of India.”

Pity's Gift ; a Collection of Interesting Tales, to excite the Compassion of Youth for the Animal Creation, ornamented with Vignettes. From the Writings of Mr. Pratt. Selected by a Lady. 2d Edit. Longman. 2s.

THE selection consists of fifteen pieces with these titles :—The Brothers and the Blackbird ; the Dutch Draft Dogs ; the Hermit and his Dog ; the decayed Merchant and his dutiful Daughter ; the Nightingale ; the Dove ; the Address of the Superannuated Horse to his Master ; the Sparrows ; Epitaph on a Lap-Dog ; the Dog of the Tombs ; the Partridges ; the Bird-Catcher and his Canary ; the Robin ; the Old Horse on his Travels, and the Ox and the Lamb.

At the head of each of these Tales stands a wooden Cut, expressive of the incidents detailed. We are glad that such a work has appeared, and we wish that it may be put in the hands of all young people. To cultivate humanity

manity in the earliest years is of high importance. From the nature of what is first presented to the attention, the human character takes its complexion. The history of mankind shews, that inured to acts of inhumanity in their younger years, they afterwards became either the butchers or tormenters of the human race.

From these pleasing little Tales, we select one, in poetry, for the entertainment of our Readers :—

THE ADDRESS OF
THE SUPERANNUATED HORSE
TO HIS MASTER*.

AND hast thou fix'd my doom, sweet master, say ?

And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor ?

A little longer let me live, I pray,

A little longer hobble round thy door.

For much it glads me to behold this place,

And house within this hospitable shed;

It glads me more to see my master's face,

And linger near the spot where I was bred.

For oh ! to think of what we both enjoy'd,

In my life's prime, ere I was old and poor !

When, from the jocund morn to eve employ'd,

My gracious master on this back I bore !

Thrice told ten years, have danced on down along,

Since first these way-worn limbs to thee I gave ;

Sweet smiling years ! when both of us were young,

The kindest master, and the happiest slave.

Ah ! years sweet smiling, now for ever flown,

Ten years thrice told, alas ! are as a day ;

Yet as together we are aged grown,

Let us together wear our age away.

For still the times long past, are dear to thought,

And rapture mark'd each minute as it flew,

To youth, and joy, all change of seasons brought,

Pains that were soft, or pleasures that were new.

* Who on account of his (the Horse) being unable, from extreme old age, to live through the winter, had sentenced him to be shot.

Ev'n when thy love-sick heart felt fond alarms,
 Alternate throbbing with its hopes and fears,
 Did I not bear thee to thy fair one's arms,
 Assure thy faith, and dry up all thy tears ?
 And hast thou fix'd my death, sweet master, say ?
 And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor ?
 A little longer let me live, I pray,
 A little longer hobble round thy door.
 Ah ! couldst thou bear to see thy servant bleed,
 Ev'n tho' thy pity has decreed his fate ?
 And yet, in vain thy heart for life shall plead,
 If nature has deny'd a longer date.
 Alas ! I feel, 'tis *nature* dooms my death,
 I feel, too sure, 'tis *pity* deals the blow ;
 But ere it falls, O Nature ! take my breath ;
 And my kind master shall no bloodshed know.
 Ere the last hour of my allotted life,
 A softer fate shall end me old and poor ;
 Timely shall save me from the uplifted knife,
 And gently stretch me at my master's door.

Mr. PRATT, from whose writings these *interesting* tales are taken, is well known in the literary world. His humanity to dumb animals does him great credit, and should these poor creatures be ever endowed with the gift of speech, they will, we doubt not, *unanimously* vote him an address of thanks for the laudable concern which he has manifested for their welfare.

This little Volume has already arrived at a second edition, which does honour to the taste of the Public.

Poems by Joseph Fawcett, to which are added, Civilized War, and the Art of Poetry, according to the latest Improvements. Johnson.

ELEGIES, sonnets, and miscellaneous pieces, make up the contents of this sensible and ingenious volume. Its author is the celebrated orator of the Old Jewry, whose two volumes of sermons have contributed to the instruction and entertainment of the public.

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Having relinquished the ministry, and retired into the country, he has recourse to his muse for the amusement of his leisure hours.

The sonnet to the *Setting Sun* is peculiarly beautiful; we transcribe it, for it exhibits a fair specimen of the whole volume, which we recommend to the perusal of our readers.

SONNET TO THE SETTING SUN.

And wilt thou go, bright regent of the day?
 Farewell awhile! we part to meet again;
 Ere long shall I review thy golden ray;
 Ere long shalt thou resume thy glorious reign.
 The sea, that now absorbs thy falling light,
 Compell'd shall soon its rosy prey restore;
 Bereav'd, but not for ever, is my sight,
 Without despair these eyes thy loss deplore.
 Oh virtue! when thine orb droops towards its bed,
 With such calm faith sad friendship breathes adieu:
 Thou shalt emerge, fair star! from death's black shade,
 The splendid course of glory to renew:
 Soon shall the grave release thee from its gloom,
 HOPE sweetly wipes the eye that wets thy tomb.

There are other similar pieces in this publication, particularly *An Address to the Sun*, which at some future period we shall introduce into our *Miscellany*.—*Civilized War* abounds with exquisite passages—but the *Art of Poetry* seems dictated by a severity of satire with which we are not pleased.

A Translation of the New Testament from the Original Greek, humbly attempted by Nathaniel Scarlett; assisted by Men of Piety and Literature, with Notes.
 Scarlett and Rivington.

THE common translation of the Bible appeared in the reign of James the First, and was made by some very learned divines. The English language, since that time,

time, being much altered, requires several amendments. Those who believe in the divine origin of that book, will readily acknowledge, that its contents should be rendered level to every capacity; and this is to be accomplished, by making its language intelligible to men of every description.

Concerning the publishing of a new translation for common use, warm debates have been agitated. Into that controversy we pretend not to enter. We shall, however remark, that every attempt to correct the language of the Bible is deserving of praise, and on this account the present work is entitled to commendation. It has been made by a society of *laymen*, and exhibits a laudable industry. To us protestants, the scripture is the only rule of faith and practice. We shall do well in attending to this great principle on which the fabric of protestantism is erected.

In these times of infidelity, we are happy to find that a proper attention is paid by many to the scriptures. This translation possesses considerable merit. Abstruse terms are changed—improper words removed—and the phraseology rendered easier to common capacities. The paragraphs also are rendered more distinct; and, on the whole, an assiduous attention appears to have been paid to the meaning of the sacred writers.

A Grammar of the Greek Language, originally composed for the College-School at Gloucester; in which it has been the Editor's design to reject, what in the most improved Editions of Cambden is redundant—to supply what is deficient—to reduce to order what is intricate and confused—and to consign to an Appendix what is not necessary to be got by heart. Third Edition, improved. Robinsons.

THE elements of grammar lie at the foundation of all classical knowledge. Hence grammatical researches have exercised the faculties, and employed the attention of

of the ablest men in the republic of letters. The author of this piece is, we understand, a worthy clergyman, now residing in the vicinity of the metropolis, and occupying the respectable province of an instructor of youth. By a close examination of its contents, we are authorised to declare, that he has proved himself competent to the task which he has here undertaken.

The title page of this grammar is a faithful transcript of its contents. Redundancies are so rejected—deficiencies so supplied—and the intricate and confused so reduced to order, as very considerably to facilitate the acquisition of the Greek language. We cannot enter into detail. But the author shall speak for himself—

“ Among the various introductions to the Greek language, hitherto presented to the public, Ward’s and Eton’s editions of CAMDEN have undoubtedly obtained the preference, there being few reputable seminaries of education in which one or the other of them is not in use: but although distinguished by this general approbation, they are not free from gross instances of *redundancy, deficiency, and indistinct arrangement*. To accommodate the public with a grammar, constructed for the most part on the plan of these, but exempt from their imperfections, has been the design of the editor of the following sheets. Whether he has succeeded in the attempt, is a question submitted with much deference to the decision of those whom experience in the art of teaching has qualified to determine. The parts on which most pains have been bestowed are, the Declension and Comparison of Adjectives; the Rules of Argument, and of Formation of Tenses, and particularly those of Syntax and Prosody; in all which, if essential improvement be not discernible, much labour has certainly been thrown away. The grammar is written in English, because at their entrance upon the Greek rudiments, boys have generally acquired but a slender knowledge of Latin. That time, therefore, which has been usually wasted to investigate the meaning of Latin rules, may be now employed in the attainment and immediate application

plication of such as will be no sooner read than comprehended."

We recommend this excellent grammar to all young persons, with whom the acquisition of the Greek tongue is an object of ambition.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Druid—Sonnet to Morning—To Maria in the Country—Sonnet by Mr. Cafe—Spring—Lines by a Sick Friend—On Time—Lines by L. G.—Death of Mr. Perkins—Fortune—Sonnet to Delia, a Pastoral, together with other favours, shall meet with due attention. We have lately received so many poetical pieces that we must entreat their respective authors to wait patiently for their insertion.

We thank E. B. near Sidmouth, for his very pleasing communications, both in Prose and Poetry, which we have just received. His promised attention to our *Miscellany* is flattering to us; and in him we hope to find a constant correspondent.

We are obliged to *Petrarch Minor* for his defence of Dr. Johnson, against the criticisms of Lord Orford, inserted in our last Number—also to our *Glasgow correspondent* for his favours—both shall be duly noticed. With respect to the *old books* which the latter gentleman has in his possession, it is certainly a curiosity, on account of its age; but, from the singular title, it seems to relate to disputes between the papists and protestants of that period, (1546) now happily buried in oblivion.

We wish to study variety in our Portraits—though for reasons already assigned, we devoted the biographical department of our last Volume entirely to Naval characters.

We are much obliged to the gentleman who has suggested a few particulars for (what he deems) the improvement of our work. He does not seem aware, that the plan prescribed, coincides nearly with that of the Appendix to a popular periodical publication, with which we do not wish to interfere. The great object of our *Miscellany* is, the improvement of the mind in knowledge and virtue. To these important points we hope invariably to adhere, and doubt not but that such a mode of conducting our *Miscellany*, will continue to ensure the approbation of a discerning Public.

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Engraved by J. Chapman

ADMIRAL NELSON.

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